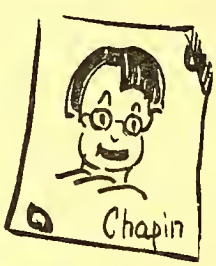
,,,

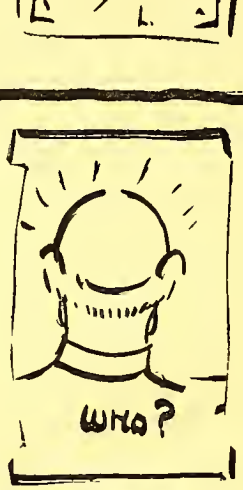
CRIMES

7:30 8:30 9:30

monday

tuesday





wednesday

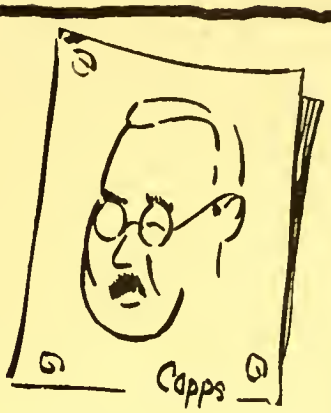
thursday

10:30

1:30

2:30

3:30



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Hutchins Library
of
Berea College
Berea, Kentucky

THE CHIMES
BEREA COLLEGE
BEREA, KENTUCKY
1947

College 378.7691 B487c 1947

Berea College Collegiate dept. Senior class
Chimes.

We ask no pledge of love!

We ask
the reason why the sparrow hawk
goes to meet the morning sun
on eager wings and cries aloud
the pain that hunger breeds.

We seek
to know the hope that taught the hawk
to fly.

We ask no pledge of love!
We do not seek to know a day
of rest from pain, or sleep so sound
that dreams shall not recall the ache.

We dream, we march, we seek, we live
to meet the dawn on mighty wings.

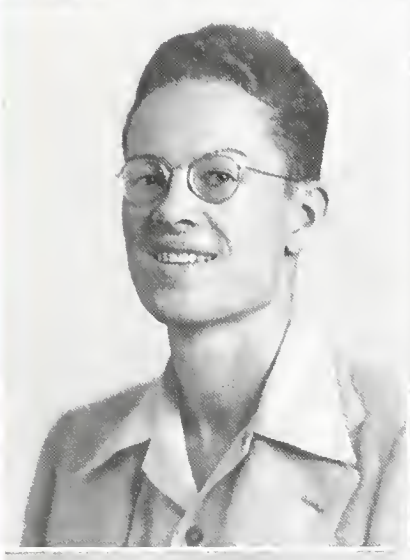
THE CLASS OF 1947

Al McKelfresh, President; Jean Clark, Secretary; Oscar Davidson, Social Chairman; June Settle, Project Chairman; Not in picture: James Gilreath, Vice President; Frances Vandivier, Treasurer.

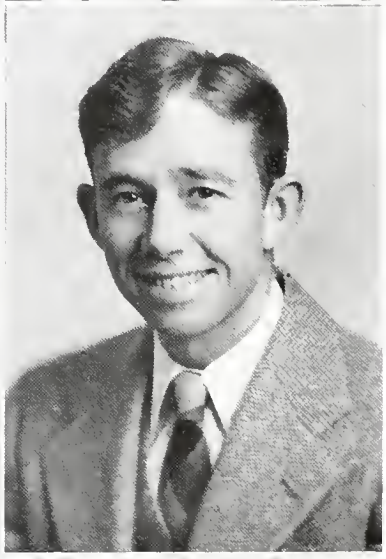
Another campus. Another year.

Kathryn Alice Abels
Parkersburg, West Va.
A.B., Philosophy

Harold C. Abney
Richmond, Kentucky
A.B., Mathematics

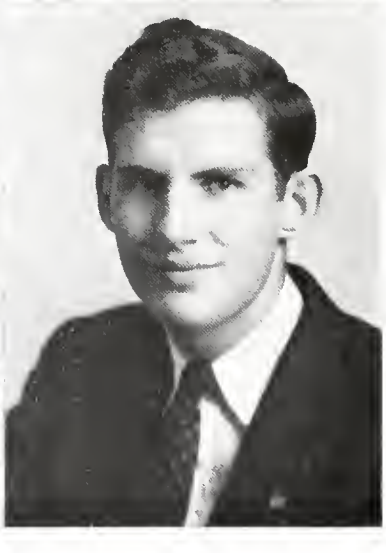


Robert Kirkpatrick Adams
Tulsa, Oklahoma
A.B., Economics



Willard E. Arnett
Rose Hill, Virginia
A.B., English

Mary Ellen Ayer
Pleasant Hill, Tenn.
A.B., Biology



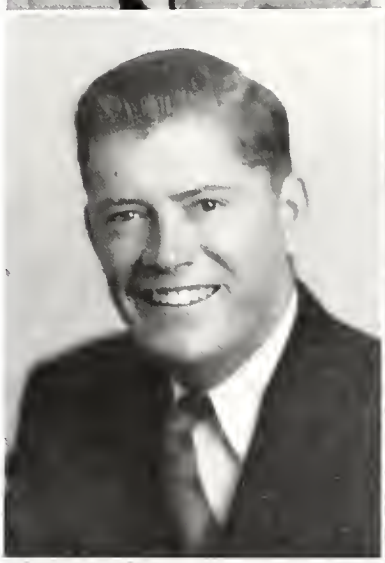
Garrett Dixon Bailey
Burnsville, North Carolina
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

Climb the creaky stairs of Liberal Arts Building or sit in intent absorption over The Iliad, Economic Geology or Marriage and the Family, or eat a sack supper with a group of friends perched on

the edge of East Pinnacle, then state in simplest terms what being here has meant: Another campus . . . another year . . . . Yet, it has meant much more than the passage of hours into days.

Harry C. Bailey
Tip Top, Kentucky
B.S., Agriculture

Frances Elliot Barkley
Trinity, Kentucky
A.B., Biology



William V. Baxter
Vanceburg, Kentucky
A.B., Mathematics

Mildred Beverly
Drift, Kentucky
A.B., Economics

Delmas H. Boen
Guntersville, Ala.
A.B., Biology

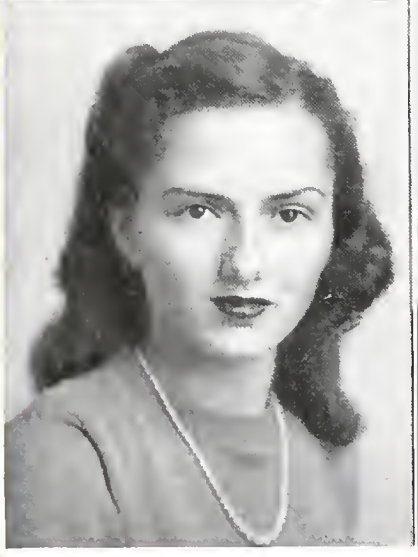
Leonard Charles Brewer
Mentor, Tennessee
A.B., Economics

Jean Ellen Bright
Marlintan, W. Va.
A.B., English

Katie Frances Brown
Harts, West Virginia
A.B., English

Gladys Virginia Buchanan
Estatoe, North Carolina
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

Ruth Ann Burnette
Clio, Kentucky
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.



Anna Elizabeth Clair
Berea, Kentucky
A.B., Home Economics

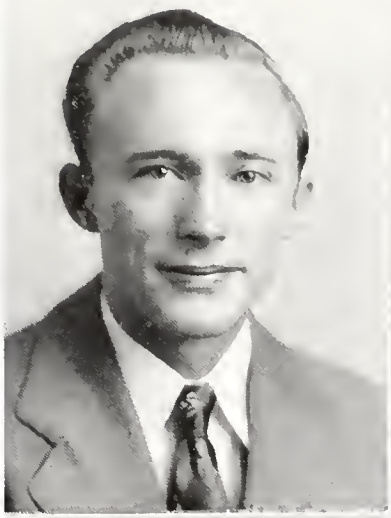
Elizabeth Jean Clark
Berea, Kentucky
A.B., Home Economics

It has been buildings and fields, books and bullsessions, wisdom and foolishness; most of all it has been the faces, voices and minds of our friends.

We have learned of the power that the combination of buildings, books and people can exert, and we now realize that it is through an intelligent function of the three that we are able to attain com-

Carol Ann Coapman
Punjab, India
A.B., Sociology

Lacy Ernest Cochran
Williamsburg, W. Va.
B.S., Agriculture



Henry Clay Coldiron
Twila, Kentucky
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

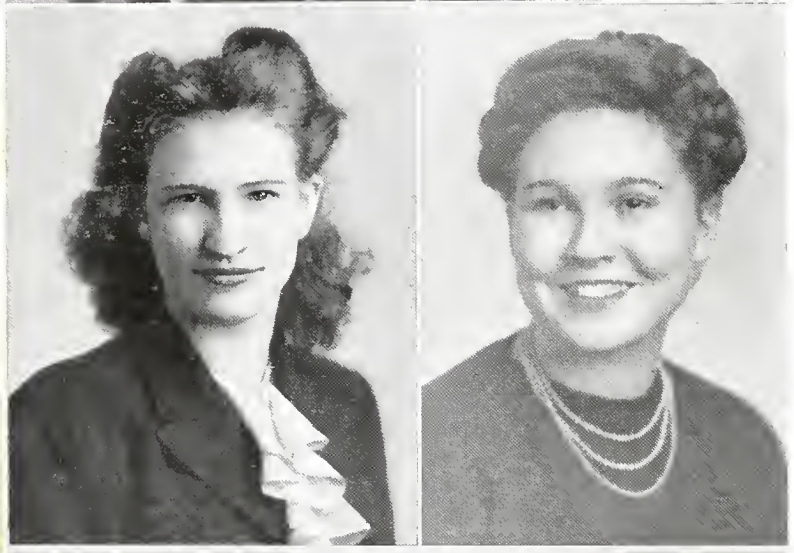
Richard H. Comer, Jr.
South Boston, Virginia
A.B., Physics

Cleora Ruth Conley
Gallipolis, Ohio
A.B., English

Lester J. Cooper
Lickburg, Kentucky
A.B., Education

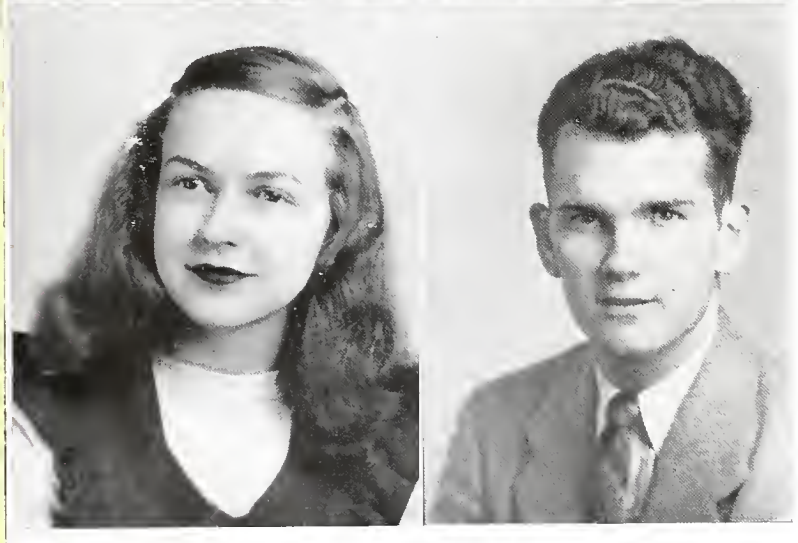
Mary Elizabeth Cordier
Stanford, Kentucky
A.B., Economics

Sadie Katherine Cordier
Stanford, Kentucky
A.B., Mathematics



Mildred Gobbard Cotton
Berea, Kentucky
A.B., English

Elizabeth Turner Crumbley
Colquitt, Georgia
A.B., Sociology



Florence Lucile Crumpler
Wayland, Kentucky
A.B., Economics

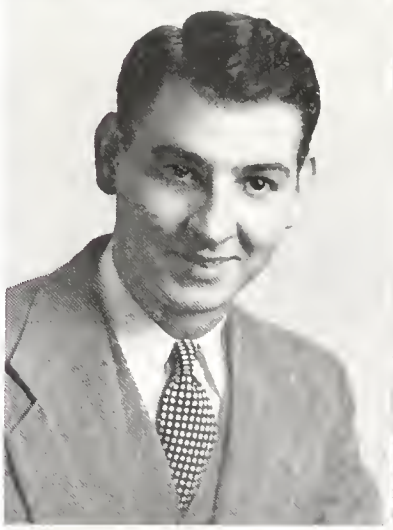
Oscar Dovidson
Brutus, Kentucky
A.B., Economics

prehension and conversation, the very bases of our civilization. The buildings were our first sight of Berea. Coming on the bus from the south we saw the white columns of Presser Hall and

the massiveness of E.R.; from Richmond and the north the rectangular brick blocks of Cumberland and Blue Ridge met our curious eyes; if we came by train we saw Draper Tower spiking

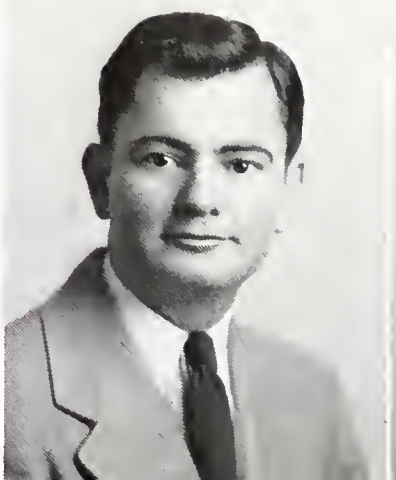
Margie Davis
Parcoal, W. Va.
B.S., Agriculture

Gertrude Portain Day
Knoxville, Tennessee
A.B., Education



Marvin Buford Dillon
Oak Hill, West Virginia
A.B., Biology

Frank Duff
Chavies, Ky.
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

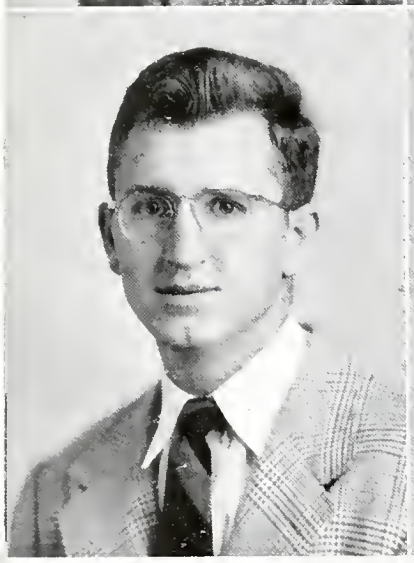


Paul Eugene Elam
Corbin, Kentucky
A.B., Biology

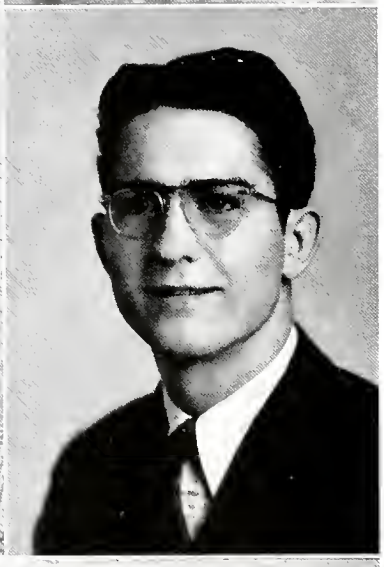
George Lynn Fallis
Malad, Idaho
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

Ernest Benson Few
Taylors, South Corolina
B.S., Agriculture

Frances Finnell Vandivier
Berea, Kentucky
A.B., Music



Porter Henderson Gilbert
Samoria, Kentucky
A.B., Economics



James E. Gilreath
Corbin, Kentucky
A.B., Economics

Hunter Dale Griffin
Shinnston, West Va.
A.B., Philosophy

Roberta Verne Halcomb
Viper, Kentucky
B.S., Home Economics

the sky. We wondered, a little anxiously, what these new shapes held for us. We inquired their names and locations timidly from those who appeared to know, and felt a warm sense of comrade-

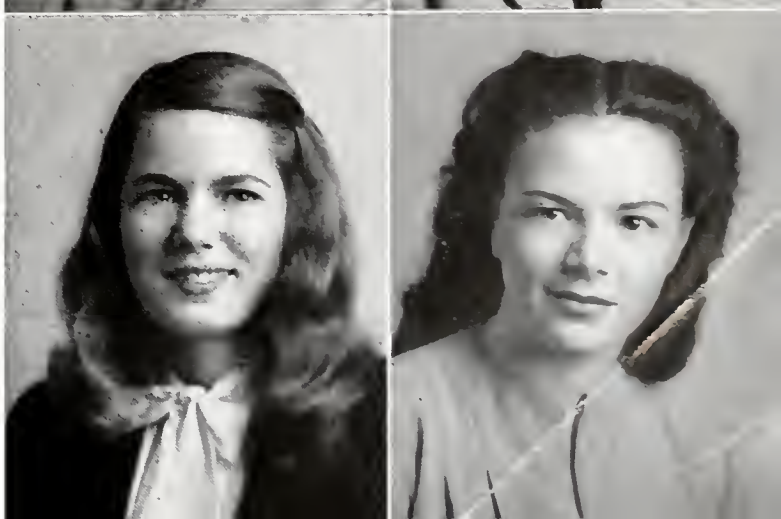
ship if they didn't. Imperceptibly we became acquainted with each of the structures of iron, wood, and brick that were to be our homes and our laboratories. Gradually each one came to have a

Margaret Hansel
Pine Hill, Kentucky
A.B., Home Economics

Albert E. Hartley
Seattle, Washington
A.B., Economics

Eileen Barnawell Hartley
Maryville, Tennessee
A.B., English

John D. Haun
Crossville, Tenn.
A.B., Geology

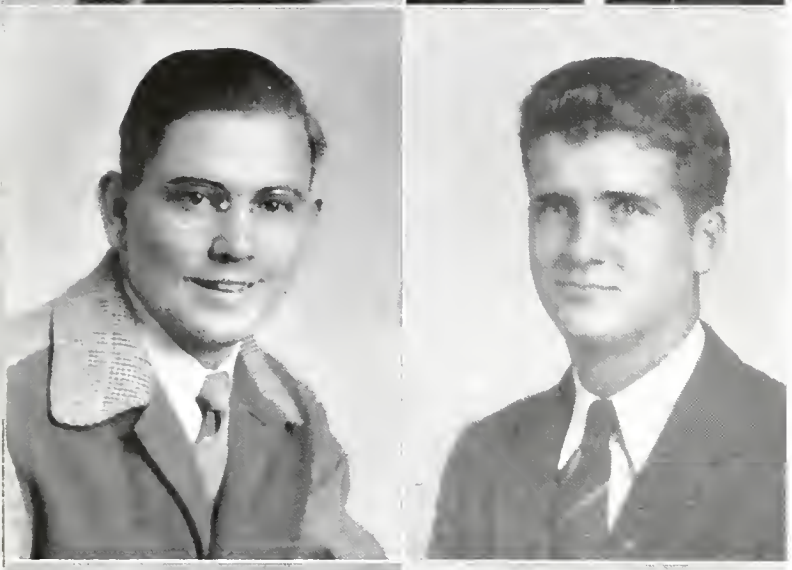


Lois Culbertson Haun
Surgainsville, Tenn.
A.B., Gealogy

Peggy Hicks
Bryson City, N. C.
B.S., Home Economics

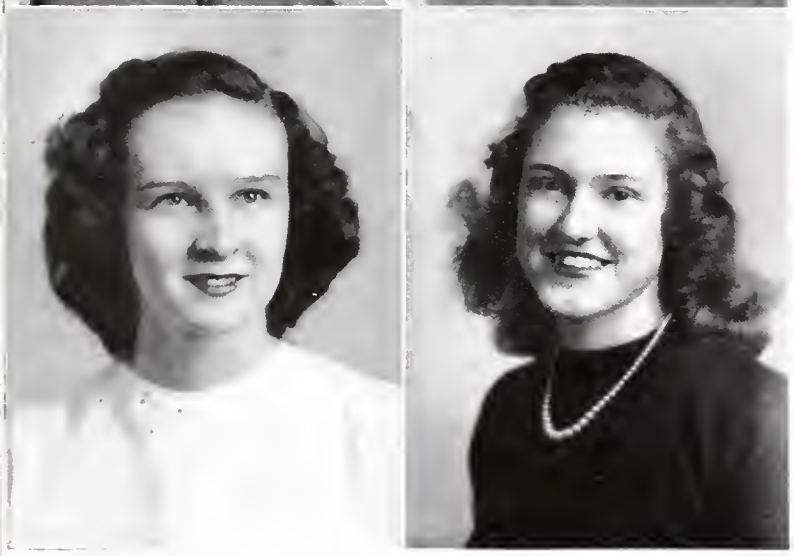
Harriet Lucia Hoffman
Meshed, Iran
A.B., French

Oliver Raymond Hunt, Jr.
Gastonia, North Carolina
A.B., Chemistry



Reuben A. Hunter
Knoxville, Tenn.
A.B., Sociology

George Samuel Hurst
Pineville, Kentucky
A.B., Physics



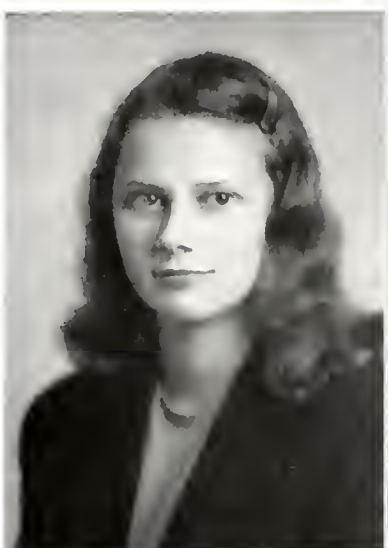
Elizabeth Louise Imrie
Long Island, New York
A.B., Sociology

Dorothy Elizabeth Ison
Ashland, Kentucky
A.B., Sociology

personality and meaning of its own.

Draper has been the center of our more serious life. It well fitted that role. Its tower could be seen from every part of the campus

and from the hills, a reminder of the upward aim of our work. At times we were inclined to be skeptical about that upward aim when confronted by the multitudinous forms of the Lower Division



Maxine Irene Jennings
Prenter, West Virginia
A.B., Psychology

Leon Felix Joyner, Jr.
Woodcliff, Georgia
A.B., Economics

Mary Louella Keener
Berea, Kentucky
A.B., Biology

Eleanor Louise Knotts
Vienna, West Virginia
A.B., Music

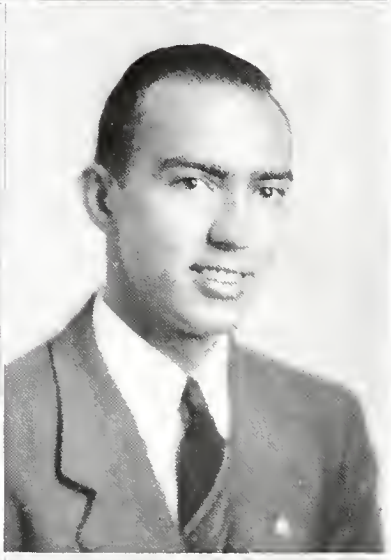
Edith Christine LaFon
Oneonta, Alabama
A.B., Home Economics

Edna Lee Lambert
Durbin, West Va.
A.B., English

Dalton C. Lane
Kingsport, Tenn.
A.B., Mathematics

William Ransom Ledford
Franklin, North Carolina
A.B., French

Ruth Mary Liddle
Madison, Wisconsin
A.B., Home Economics



Reavis Pinkney Lowman
Connelly Springs, N. C.
A.B., Geology

Joe Andrew McClung
Rainelle, West Va.
A.B., Education

Nancy McGuire
Beattyville, Ky.
A.B., Sociology

Office, but we were acutely conscious of it while learning the subtleties of Greek thought or the inspired beauty of Shelley. The long tiled halls and the dark brown doors symbolized the dispas-

sionately analytical and the unhurried sober qualities of the scholar. Draper was purposeful, as we wanted to be. We went out of its doors sometimes confused, but eager and realizing what there was

Albert Leon McKelfresh
Sumner, Illinois
A.B., Economics

Dorothy Price Medich
South Bend, Indiana
A.B., Sociology

Margery Ruth Murphy
Yonkers, New York
A.B., Sociology

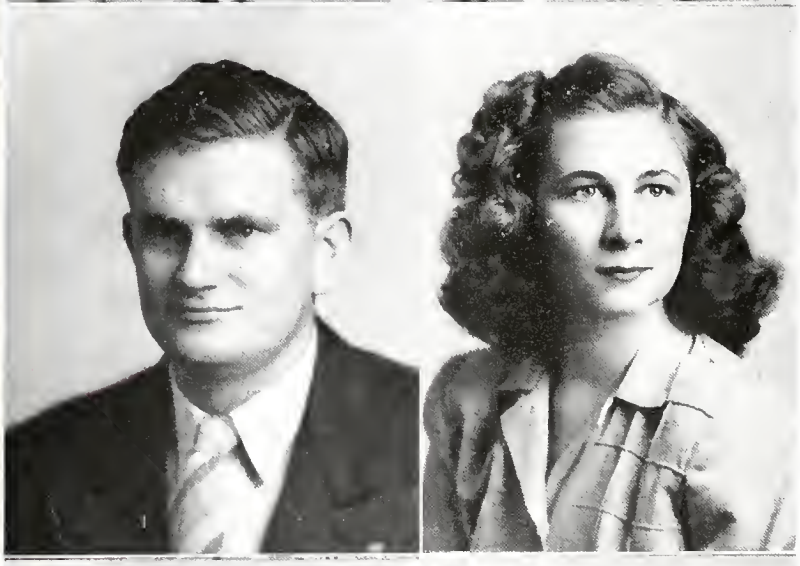
Doris Louise Neal
Bristol, Tenn.
A.B., Sociology

Mildred J. Nelson
Corbin, Kentucky
A.B., Biology

Chester Arthur Newsome
Biscuit, Kentucky
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

Alice Helen Nicholas
Waynesville, N. C.
A.B., Psychology

Juanita Downs Noland
Waynesville, N. C.
A.B., Psychology



Ralph Emerson Norman
Miami, Florida
A.B., Economics

Annie Sue O'Daniel
North Belmont, N. C.
A.B., Education

Eloise Oliver
Clifton Forge, Va.
A.B., English

Scharlene Oney
Road Fork, Ky.
A.B., English

to be learned.

The staidness of Lincoln Hall reflected the security and respected position that we wished to gain. Lincoln was also the place where

registration really hurt and where we tried to convince the Dean of Labor that our talents were too great to be spent on institutional labor. The hollows worn in its wooden steps stated eloquently that

Dorothy Palmer
Oak Park, Illinois
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

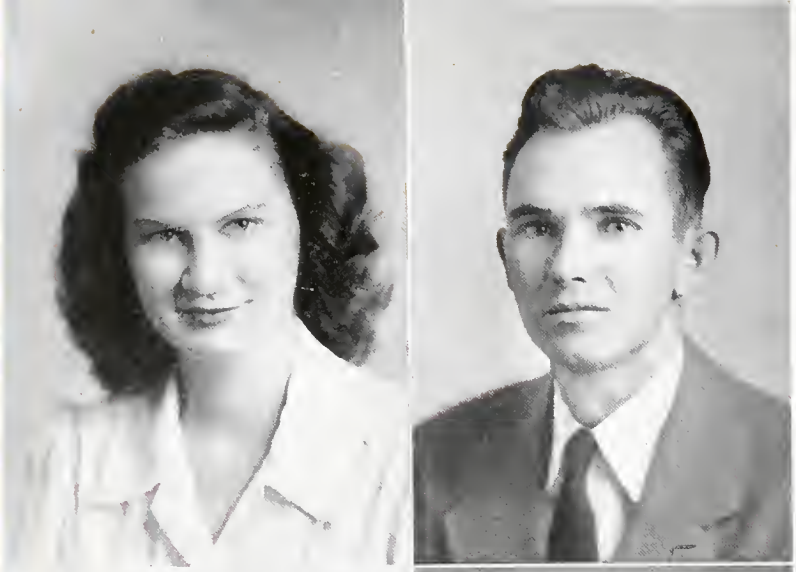
Emil Foy Penley
Gate City, Va.
A.B., Sociology

Ethel Irene Pigman
Wayland, Kentucky
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

Betty Lou Powers
London, Kentucky
A.B., Music

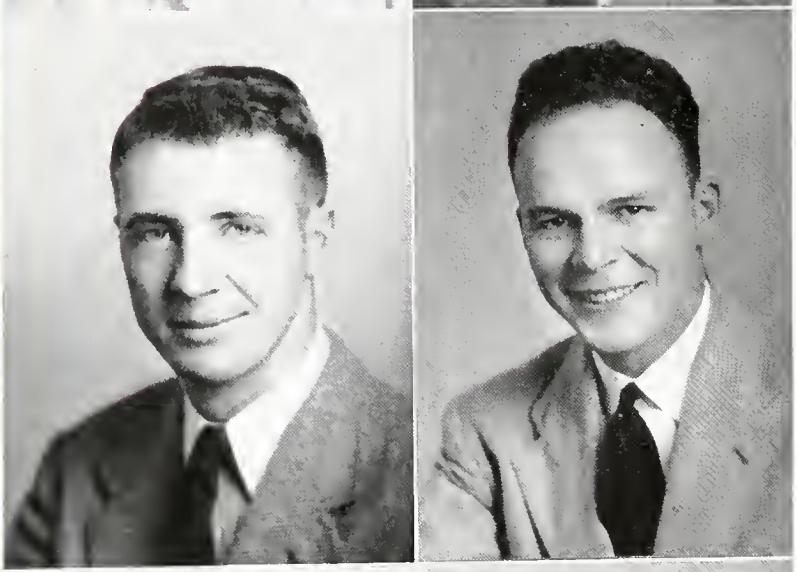
Lillie Margaret Pressley
Jefferson, South Carolina
A.B., English

Violette Louise Proffitt
Burnsville, North Carolina
B.S., Home Economics



Maggie Frances Puckett
Old Hickory, Tennessee
A.B., English

LaRue Rawlings
Ringos Mills, Ky.
A.B., Economics



Woodrow Wilson Reed
Lexington, Kentucky
A.B., Psychology

Robert R. Rickard
Thoma, West Vo.
A.B., Chemistry

Colette Justine Rieben
Bereo, Kentucky
A.B., Sociology

Constonce Roberts
Concord, N. C.
A.B., Home Economics

we were but a few of the many to climb toward some goal with its help. And our spirits were humbled by that thought.

In the Library we found the true riches of our ancestors: their

thoughts, ideas, emotions. The close rows of the stacks clasped wealth for the mind, enough to maintain us and our children and their children. The spaciousness of the Reserve and Reference

Joan Steele Rowe
McMinnville, Tenn.
A.B., English

Alice Marie Russell
Hadley, Massachusetts
A.B., Sociology

Earl B. Rynerson
Harrodsburg, Ky.
B.S., Agriculture

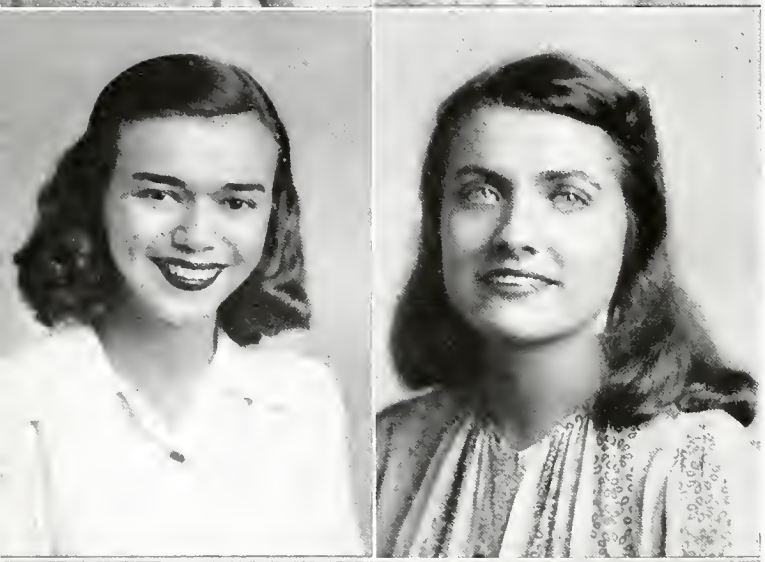
Lorraine Salyer
Hiltons, Virginia
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

Virginia Maie Sanders
Pleasureville, Ky.
A.B., Education

June Elise Settle
Parkersburg, W. Va.
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

Garneta Shannon
Charleston, W. Va.
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

Betty Shufflebarger
McDowell, Kentucky
B.S., Home Economics



Jane Markarian Shutt
Berea, Kentucky
A.B., Philosophy

Carrie Pauline Sloane
Mouthcard, Kentucky
B.S., Home Economics

Alma Estelle Smith
Pine Hill, N. C.
A.B., Psychology

Gayle Asher Smith
Pineville, Kentucky
B.S., Home Economics

Rooms with their high ceilings inspired study; we went to the Library with that inspiration in mind, but we often exchanged whispered ideas without feeling guilt.

Presser Hall, the Art Building and Science Hall each had its exclusive following, but we all knew them. Often on Sunday afternoons we have sat in Gray Auditorium at Presser and listened until

Norreen Alison Smith
East Claridon, Ohio
A.B., Psychology

Esther Louise Spence
Berea, Kentucky
A.B., Music

Hughes H. Spurlock
Bar Creek, Kentucky
B.S., Agriculture

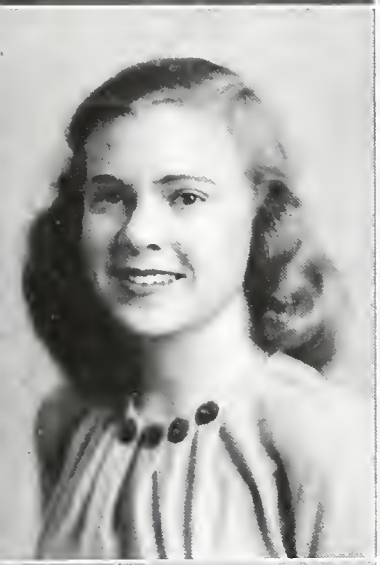
Arietta June Stanley
Toler, Kentucky
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

Ruth Steinberg
Newark, New Jersey
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

Frank Stuart Stillings
London, Kentucky
A.B., Mathematics

Jean Gibbs Stillings
Detroit, Michigan
A.B., Mathematics

Sammye June Sturdivant
Hindman, Kentucky
B.S., Economics



Laura Frances Sturgill
Cherokee, Kentucky
A.B., Sociology

Alexandria Mary Stylos
Boston, Massachusetts
A.B., Home Economics

Margaret L. Susong
Jonesboro, Tennessee
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

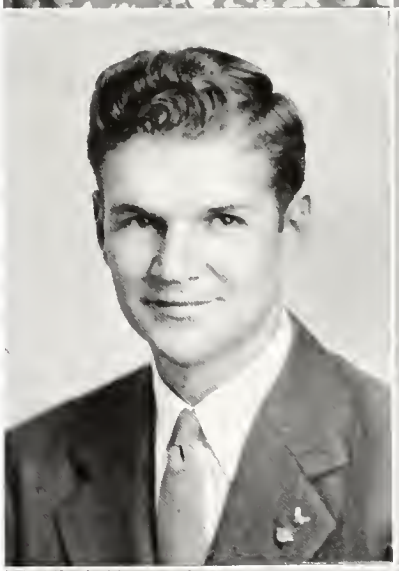
Sarah Elizabeth Talbot
Burkesville, Kentucky
A.B., Chemistry

the coming of twilight to the quiet music of a string quartet or to the rolling power of Bach on the organ. We have found beauty in shape and color or gazed raptly at an inner urge which has found

expression in the exhibit rooms and studios of the Art Building. Science Hall has furnished the key to the intricacies of frogs, rocks, and the qualities of matter; through its telescope we have

Rachel Taylor
Pineville, Kentucky
A.B., Education

Lyell Jerome Thomas
Owingsville, Kentucky
A.B., Economics



Lewis Edward Waddle
Somerset, Kentucky
A.B., Economics

Frank Haff Walker
Mt. Sterling, Ky.
A.B., Geology

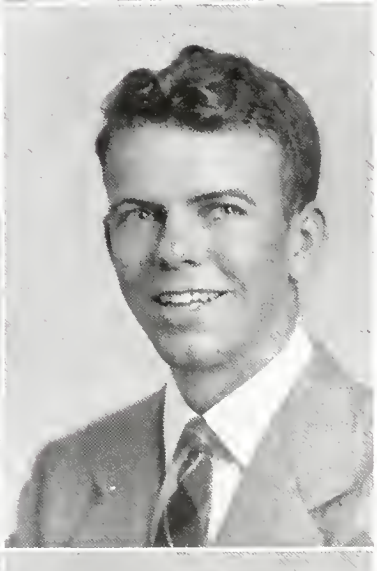
Alta Whitt
York, Ky.
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

Vera Mabel Wright
Myra, Kentucky
A.B., Sociology

Norma Aline York
Waynesville, N.C.
B.S., Home Economics

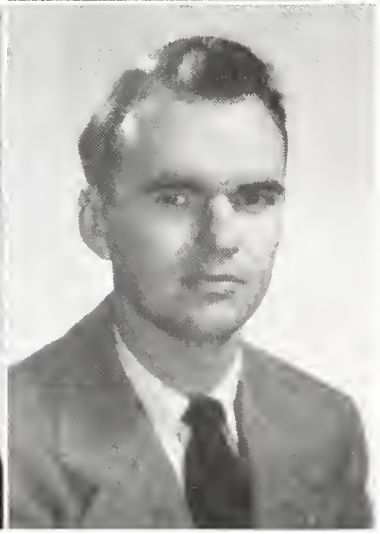
Gretka Young
Abbeville, S.C.
A.B., English

Elinor Joan Zipf
Cleveland, Ohio
A.B., English



Gene David Barber
Paintsville, Ky.
A.B., Physics

Mary Frances Bradshaw
Drexel, North Carolina
A.B., Biology



Karl Warming
Jellico, Tenn.
A.B., Economics

seen the stars.

At TP's, Elkin's, and the Hangout we have drunk our cups of coffee and voiced our half-formed thoughts while relaxing for a pitifully

few moments. At Pearsons, Cumberland, James, Seabury, we have lived, slept, and played.

And we remember now that buildings will be our last sight of Berea.

Mavis Engle
Hindman, Ky.
A.B., Education

Marita Maxine Burton
Monticello, Ky.
A.B., Education

Nina Clark
Brownsville, Ky.
A.B., Mathematics

Hollis B. Copeland
Birchwood, Tenn.
A.B., Chemistry

Dorothy Elizabeth Baldwin
Fletcher, North Carolina
A.B., Home Economics

Zenobia Hope
Dayton, Ohio
A.B., English

From the cradle on . . .
Berea doctors and nurses are on the job
to make the journey longer.

SENIOR NURSES

Margaret Browning
Chattaroy, W. Va.

Lenora Judy
Springfield, Ohio

Norma Lykins
Edna, Kentucky

Rita M. Matheson
Grayson, Kentucky

Virginia K. Norris
Parkersburg, W. Va.

Mildred T. Ranker
West Liberty, Kentucky

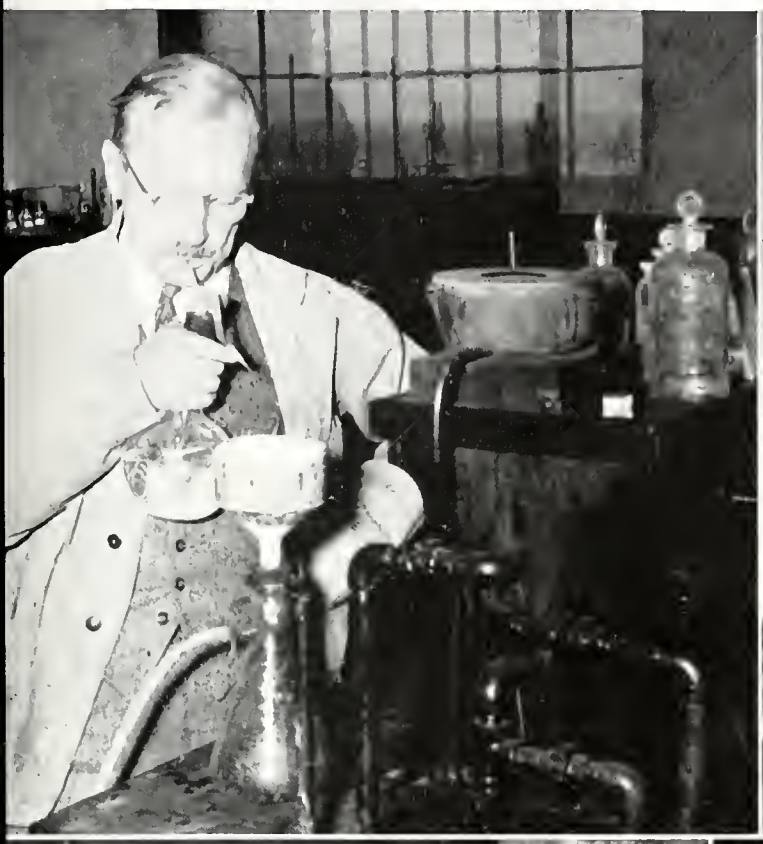
Helen Vastine
Flat Lick, Kentucky

Gloria J. Wanland
Los Angeles, Calif.

Miss Martha Wylie (supervisor), Fannie Patrick, Jessie Higginbotham, Jean Emerson, Jean Haring, Alma Kipp, Ivaleene Caudill, Helen Parker, Flo Fugate, Mary Ruth Smith, Mrs. Chase and baby.

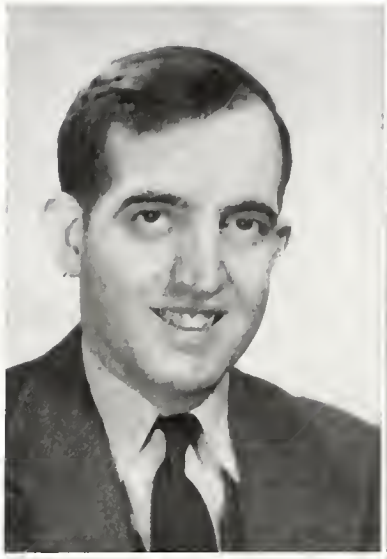
Betty Sizemore, Loretta Peterson, Ilene Stanley, Alice Hook, Syble Fever, Wilma McConnell, Helen Winfrey, Miss Ruth Collins (ass't. instructar), June Allen, Virginia Gerwig.

Doctors Hafer, Armstrong, Hutchins, and Paine



"And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche."

President Francis S. Hutchins, Mrs. Hutchins, Ann, Didi, and Billy.



Louis Smith
Dean of Upper Division

Julia Allen
Dean of Women, Upper Division

Charles N. Shutt
Dean of Lower Division

Katharine True
Dean of Women, Lower Division

Roy N. Walters
Dean of the Foundation School

Grace Wright
Dean of Women, Foundation School

Though buildings can be lost around curves in the road and their images eventually recede to infinity in our memories, books are as intimately useful and as present as our shoes. We have carried

Luther M. Ambrose
Education

Mary E. Anders
Music

Alice J. Anderson
Music

Agnes M. Aspnes
Home Economics

Virginia L. Auvil
Asst. Registrar

John S. Bangson
Biology

Esther L. Beck
Business

Lawrence D. Bibbee
Treasurer

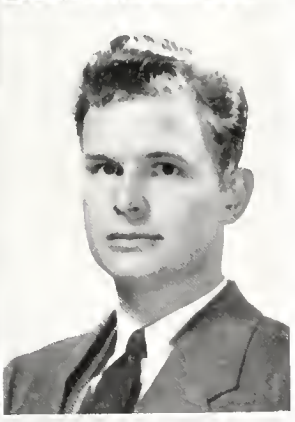
them to meals and to the classrooms and even on hikes to the hills, hoping to have a few minutes of communion with them. We have read them while listening to the Capehart; at two hours past midnight we have turned their pages; some of us have pondered their

meanings until the sun brought forth others to read again. Often in our books we have recognized ourselves peering back at us through the grill-work of words, and those words assumed a per-

Earl W. Blank
English (dramatics)

Wilbur Greely Burroughs
Geology

Mary Louise Caldwell
Physical Education for Women



Ernest Q. Campbell
Psychology

Julian Huntley Capps
Chemistry

Margaret G. Chapin
French

Albert Joseph Chidester
Education

Lee Forbes Crippen
History and Political Science

Albert O. Dekker
Chemistry

Helen H. Dingman
Sociology

Irvine M. Dungan
Psychology

Mary L. Ela
Art

Wilson A. Evans
Alumni Secretary

Paul F. Geren
Economics

Charles C. Graham
Education

Adelaide Gundlach
Registrar

sonal significance, for they revealed what others had never seen in us. We have discovered comfort, joys, and intricate possibilities. In them we have found wisdom and startling truths that have compelled us to think and to reconsider what we had previ-

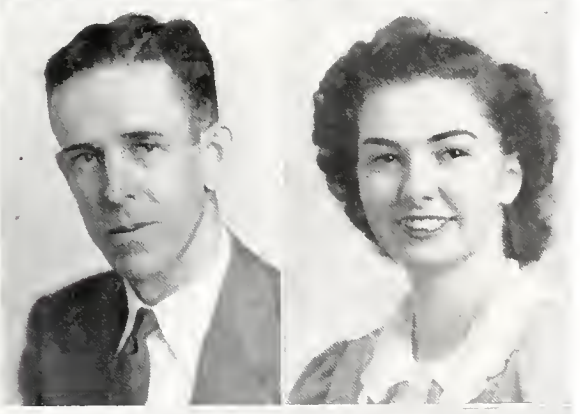
ously accepted. Such portions we marked with black, blue and red leads, hoping that we would remember the meaning of those lines, not merely in order that we might compose some essay but

Rose Maureen Faulkner
English

J. Cloyton Feaver
Philosophy and Religion

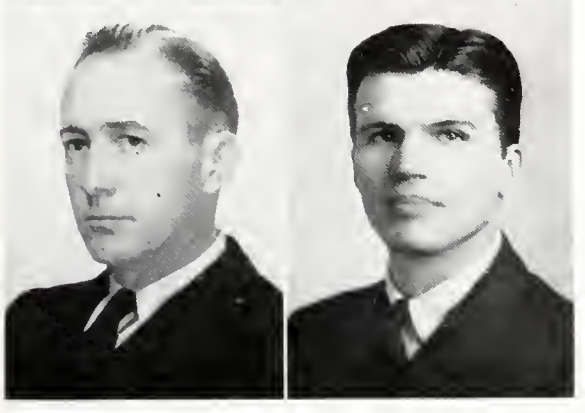
Grace Grether
Art

Oscor Henry Gunkler
Physical Education for Men



Willard N. Hogan
History and Political Science

Billie Bert Huffsmith
Music



Jerome William Hughes
English

Dayton D. Hulburt
Director of Admissions

Herschel L. Hull
Biology

Wm. R. Hutcherson
Mathematics

Gladys V. Jameson
Music

Orrin L. Keener
Social Studies

Martha M. Kelsey
Phys. Ed. for Wom.

Marian Kingman
Home Economics

Minnie L. Ledford
Ger. and French

Charlotte P. Ludlum
Ancient Languages

that later they would assist us in acting more intelligently as human beings.

After those final phases of study were ended, we walked away from the examination rooms, came home and showered, then ar-

ranged our books in neat rows on shelves, realizing that what we had actually learned would now be a part of us and would be manifest in our thoughts and in our responses to other people. The

Minnie Maude Macaulay
Physical Education for Women

Ira J. Martin
Philosophy and Religion

Virginia P. Matthias
English

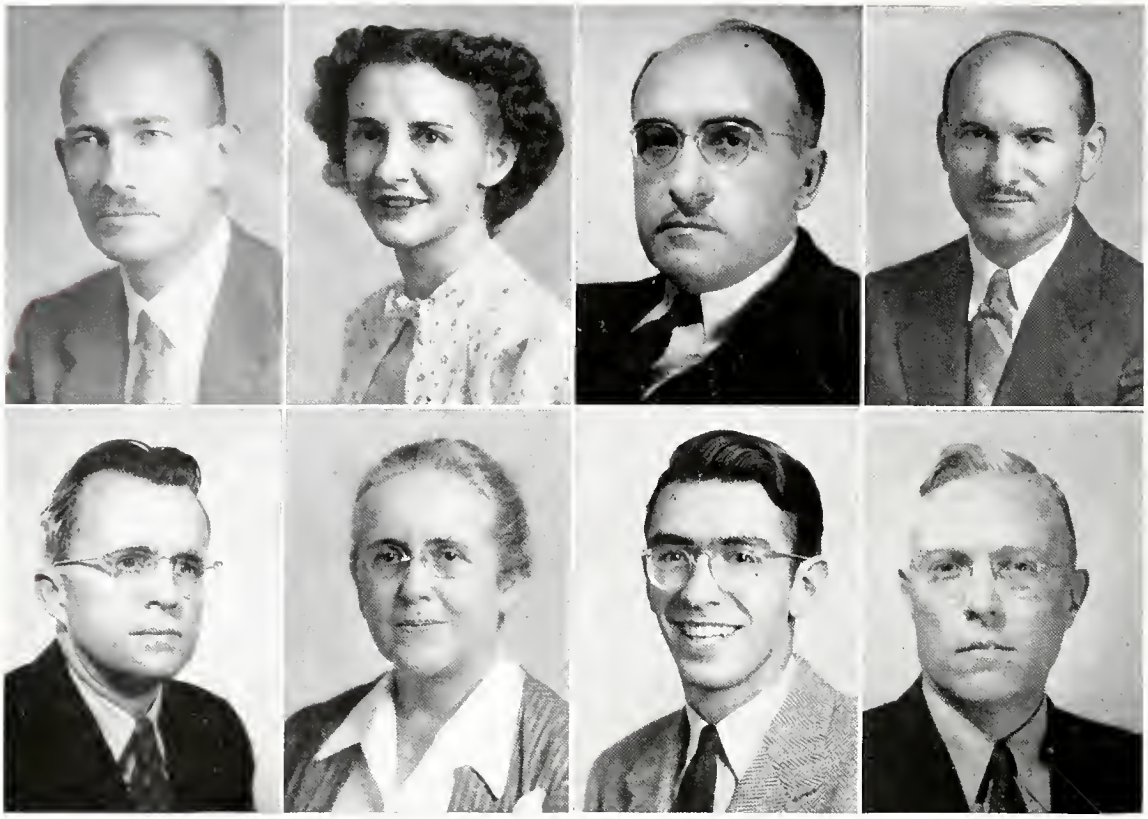
Robert G. Menefee
Economics

Howard Brandon Monier
Agriculture

Harriett Julia Naylor
History

William Edward Newbolt
Economics and Business

Waldemar Noll
Physics



George S. Noss
Phil. and Relig.

Bonnie N. Oden
Music

Ray Orr
Agriculture

Merton D. Oyler
Sociology

Charles E. Pauck
German

Elisabeth S. Peck
Social Studies

Lester F. Pross
Art

Donald W. Pugsley
Mathematics

written words we had left behind for the professors to read were only keys that would not fit.

The organization of the Great Books Discussion Group has brought to the campus a consciousness that should be brought to

every campus of the impact which certain books written ages ago have had upon our modern concepts. The universality of human thought was made evident at those meetings where students

Elizabeth Richardson
French and Spanish

Ruth Rietveld
Home Economics

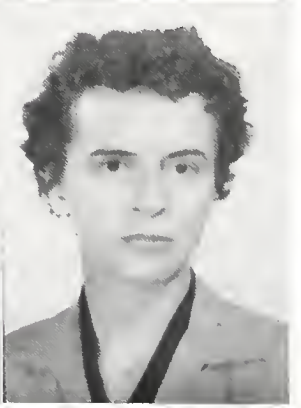
George Gilbert Roberts
Mathematics

V. D. Roberts
Physics

William Gordon Ross
Philosophy and Religion

John William Sattler
English

Marguerite Sloon
Lower Division Office



Emily Ann Smith
English

Claude O. Spillmon
Agriculture

Hattie E. Stowe
English

Dorothy W. Tredennick
Art

Eunice M. True
Home Economics

Warner M. Vernon
Agriculture

Ernest J. Weekes
English

Albert G. Weidler
Economics

Virginia R. Woods
Home Economics

and professors read and discussed, among others, the writings of

Aristophanes, Machiavelli, Rousseau.

Norris Woodie, Hilda Lane, Co-Social Chairmen; James Shaffer, President, Sammye Sturdivant, Treasurer, Margaret Myers, Secretary; Barbara Goddard, Vice President

THE JUNIOR CLASS

Floyd Slettvett, Eleanor Hall, Maxine Kennamer, James Kennomer, James Edwards, Jean Hudson.

Joan Lykins, Tom Finney, Sam Scruggs, Clyde Worley, Theda Taylor, Phyllis Jones, Modine Smith, Jose Rubio.

On this campus and on other campuses there has been a revival of interest in Thomas Wolfe, not because his books have been carried unchecked from the library shelves by admirers, but because no one has ever written as he did. No one has ever interpreted with such lyricism and poignant insight what it means to be young, to be young and lonely and full of wanting to do something.

Dean Cadle, Charlotte Johnson, Robert Blanton, June Jasper, Albert Shufflebarger.

Elmer Sanders, Ella Foster, Grant Banks, Wanda Eskew, Wintz Jenkins, Nancy Furry, Edith Melton

During the year we've also read Chaucer, Shakespeare, Edith Wharton, Feeds and Feeding, and translated the symbols and dia-

Dorothy Davis, Ramona Layne, Clay Whitaker, Margaret Southard, Kenneth Perkins, Lilburn Goode, Margaret Davis

Joseph Sumner, Betty Jean Morgan, Lois Rowe, Joyce Lockhart, Curtis Keener

grams in Engineering Surveys. We've read The Hucksters and Hiroshima and have become acquainted with Robinson Jeffers and Robert Frost.

Helen Storsand, William Welsh, Florence Baker, Revo McMillan, Frances Hawes

Our reading of books has been a search and a means toward that search.

People are the agents that transform buildings and books into a

Merle Stanley, Dorothy York, Helen Smith, Lottie Pollock, Elizabeth Broadbooks, James Taylor, Juanita Turner, Risse Layne.

Hilda Karlsson, Clinton Sager, Irene Baker, Ellen Watts, Helena Walters, Dora Campbell

Arletta Norton, Ray Davenport, Mary French, Julia Pearl Thomas, Doris Swingle, Mitchie Duff

college; they have done more than vitalize stone and ink: they have shaped our own personalities, and we in turn have altered theirs. Without them there would be no campus, no books, no buildings; without them there would be nothing.

This year has seen an appreciable increase in the number of those

Joseph Houston, Alma Tankersley, James Hall, Joyce Reedy, Betty Pierce, Harold Reynolds, Mae Watts

Juanita Cooper, Marietta Purkey, Robert McNeill, Elsie Coffey, Betty Lou Chandler, Helen Barnes, Joan Stephens

Silvia Sewell, Marian VanWinkle, Catherine Snyder, Eunice VanWinkle, Ernest Raines, Mary Lou Smith, Walter Stark

Cordelia Slusher, James Hines, Clinton Ramey, Lois Speer, Mary Lou Baker, Cecilia Stalnaker

who walk along the paths of the campus and attend classes; for

Sue Kilbourne, Mack Adams, Nancy Clem, Jean Croucher, Elmer Anderson

Virginia Kearns, Freddie Fugate, Juanita Ketchersid, Frisby Smith, Joanne Bridges

the first time since the war there is a near-equality between men and women. We meet many who dropped from our circles to disappear into the anonymity of serial numbers for one to four years

Virginia Watts, Jesse Miracle, Jeanette Austin, Jean Justice, Walter Cox, Hugh Morrison

Clinton Clay, Hilda Outlaw, Dean Lambert, Glenn Lively, Conrad Kimbrough, Robert Boehm, Robert Lufburrow

and longer. They have traveled far and have felt the utter, awful

Billie Sue Davis, Ola Massey, Anna Johnson, Jeanne Hardy, Virginia Morris, Harold Adams

Marvin Mise, Pally Brooks, Nancy Brooks, Jenny Belle Fitzpatrick, Margaret Frye

loneliness and futility of men waiting for the unknown to happen. Those students have returned.

Frances Edwards, Gladys Ogle, Doris Dungan, Katherine Ogle, Elinor Crawford

Please
USE WALK

THE SOPHOMORES

John Browning, president; Peggy Talbot, secretary; Rossie Drummond, treasurer; Harold Dowdy, vice-president

Harvey Rutnoski, John Robbins, Mary Baucom, Bill Baucom, Robert Lang, Patricia Prater, Dewitt Creger, Robert Webb, Fred Chapman, Pat Moore

For each of us the majority of people on the campus have only colored the backdrop against which our personal little clique enacted its tragicomedy. Aliens to our group only formed the faces that filled the chapel seats or made up the long lists of alpha-

Glenn Harris, Catherine French, Roberta Casablanca, Jessie Downs, Dorothy Brannan, James Yowell, Margaret Trumbo, Beatrice Lovette, Dale Dedman, Margaret Templin

betically-arranged names on file in the various offices.

With a few persons we have become especially intimate and with

Lucy Stewart, Bill Atwater, Louise Corn, Fred Cooper, Winston Bowling, Lavaun Halsey, Bill Dunn, Pauline Deal, Rosa Lee Case, Roy Wilson

Emogene Miller, Herbert Moore, Mary Sue Baker, Charles Lineberger, Marbeth Peters, Imogene McConkey, Ralph Michael, Lucille Martin, Ford Mink

them we have had our dates and our love affairs. Some of us viewed love as a spiritual experience producing exaltation; others regarded it as something to be pursued with the same continuity

Russel Dean, Benjamin Frye, Harry Dodd, Nadene Gosser, Clara Eppard, Badgette Dillard, Julius Hayes, Chorles Elliott

that we breathe. To those whom we loved we laid bare our fears and hopes, wanting desperately to find understanding; often we

Dennis Tipton, Charles Keyser, Sue Storm, Naomi Eppord, Jerry Crouch, John Benson, Doris Messer, Helen Bowman

Burgin Wood, Virginia Jo Crutchfield, Helen Hordesty, Christine Chadwell, Jonet Marsh, James Bandy, Kenneth Calmes, Virginia Hylton

Herbert Tuck, Tom Van Sant, Lawrence Via, Norvell Sharp, Helen Webb, Juliet Lewis, Effie Taylor, Cloyd Eastham Emmy Voden, Peter Stelos, Helen Sweet

tried hard to say what we meant, but never got beyond a joke or a laugh. In those affairs we were sometimes deeply cut, both

Marjorie Gabbard, Otha Howard, Wayne Proffitt, Gene Ballenger, Amanda Clark, Mary Ruth Mills, Gladys Walker, Janice Osburn, Orville Pearson, Barbrea Hill, Kathleen Banks, Homer Banks

Faye Feltner, Norma Halder, Esther Richardson, Jean Watson, Jane Prapps, Martha Fry, Marjorie Harrison, Enola Belle Foley, Georgia Roberts, Betty Mayfield

angered and hurt, through forgetfulness or blunders. From such intimacy we have learned the delicacy of the human soul.

Among the people we met on the campus and in the classrooms

Joe Patton, Carl Jenkins, Ruth Boggs, Linley Stafford, Carol Anmuth, Ben Pendleton, Tobie Woolums, James McNeer, Elena Cipolla

Charles Blevins, Charles Zimmerman, Bill Rickard, Charles Rickard, Jesse Hibbitts, Mary Frances Yount, Lillian Miyachi, Mabel Pollard, Wanda Hammons

Margaret May, Mary Esther Tally, Nara Pickett, Doris Watson, Chessie Wright, Ronda Allen, Eleanor Panter, Lillian Moore, Argie DeSimone

were some whom we desired to know better than by name; ye

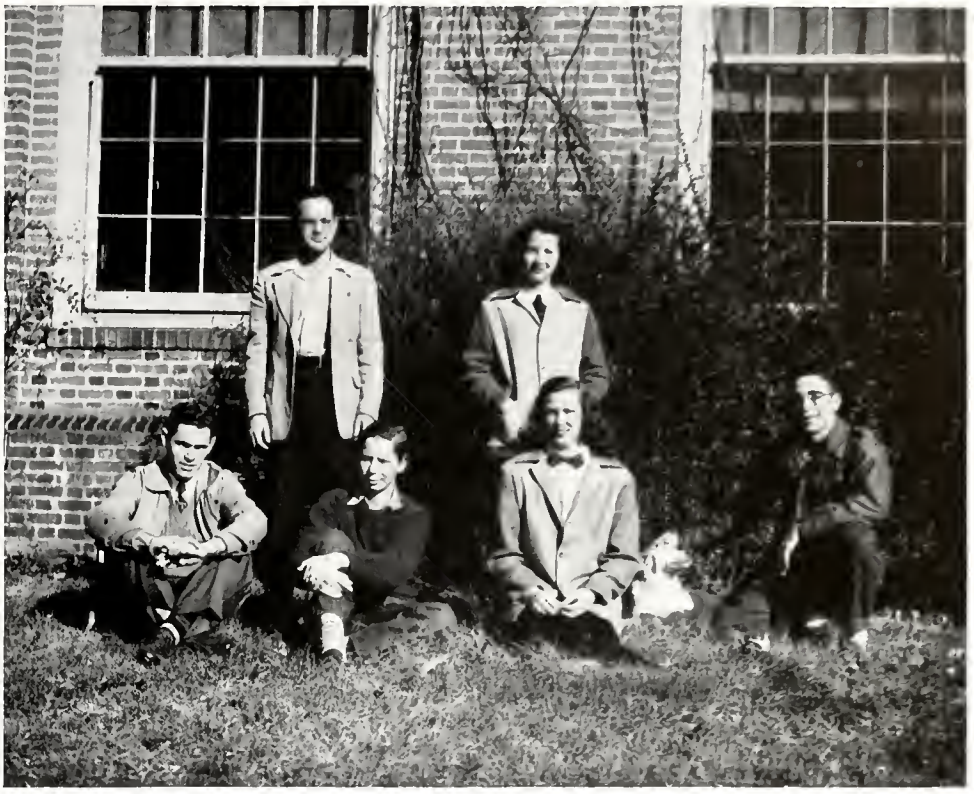
through indifference or an assumed politeness they kept us at distance. We were pained because we did not know why, but we ourselves revealed why when we likewise avoided persons who wanted to know us better.

Thomas Bilotta, Helen Swanson, Mary Abodeely, Herman Patterson, Nila Mae Blair, Patricia Rae, Patricia Brooks, Sarah Ann Hutcherson

Jack Wilson, Jo Anne Watson, Eugene Parr, Eugene Troutman, James Hesselgesser, George Allen, Bill Porks, James Dickerson, Elbert Mil'er, Marjorie Keener, Aloma Barnes

Many of us have felt a sense of futility on the campus. We have worked on tangents, not knowing the true way nor that for us there

Loyal Hogue, Mary Alice Neal, Glenna Ray, Russell Hennessee, Carolyn Henderson, Betty Isaac, Virginia Hewlett, Marjorie Holcombe



Richard Pettit, Franklin Parker, Alton Noblett, Jean Bennear, Janice Pigman, Harry Kilbourne

even was one, and still don't. Too much attempted; no solution found; time not compensated. We have gone away from lectures

Mildred Allen, Peggy Talbot, Harold Dowdy, Billie Allen, Oma Burns, Allen Franke, Dorothy Branham, Janice Wells, Caleb Hurst

Rose Adachi, Jo Ann Gouge, Ruth Schultz, Mary Frances Barnes, Rachel Chaffin, Marian Haynes, Lewis Barbour, Cornelia Loven, Ross Andrews, James Worrick

or closed our books confused and wondering; it has seemed that we were being rushed through college without being given time to

Joseph Bush, James Dowdy, Dorothea Noss, Hildred Brandenburg, Jimmie Ann Mallonee, Arnold Buckley, Peggy Ann Johnson, John Hibbard

absorb what we should. At those times we were despondent and longed to get away, anywhere just to be away. Time in which to rest and rebuild our shattered foundations was precious. We

Janrose Sherman, James Salter, Ouida Hughes, Rossie Drummond, Daisy Lisenbee, Printess England, Jack Bower, Edna Sims, Robert Haight, Vandeta Vanover

would even have accepted the killing loneliness of a Sunday afternoon just to be free for a while so things could straighten themselves out.

Edith Claytor, John Browning Nella Walker, Nancy Lisenbee Flora Cofield, Elizabeth Shepard, Norma Morris, Glady Reece, Jewell Phillips, Kenneth Bibbee, John Thayer

Peter Smellie, Robert Fowlkes Russell Cornelius, Sam McNei Ray Feltner, Forrest Jarrett Arthel Gray, Robert Lewis, Ar menda Robbins, Walter Size more, Edwina Chiles, Alber Richardson

FRESHMAN CLASS

Bill Manning, vice president; Wilfred Howsman, treasurer; Calvin Baird, president; Mary Bowling, secretary

A new consciousness ot the importance of world events has entered the campus mind. Many among us have been to foreign countries and have learned different customs and attitudes; they have

Edward Akers, Walter Gardner, Roy Thompson, Doyle Rogers, Jean Hayes, Phyllis Daniels, Nancy Eymann, Ali Touba, Walter Salyer, Sally Hollin, Odell MacDonald, Doris Beam

Ernest Woolum, Pauline Pettit, Lucy Pennington, Elsie Shuttle, Kate Thomas, Alma Powers, Don Mentzer, Joline Vickers, Lorene Sherman, Joe Yancey, Mary Shigeta, Thekla Rosenberg

seen the misery and injustice which a few uncontrolled men can inflict upon nations and how conditions in those nations event-

Faye Trail, Charlie Stone, Bessie Spurlock, Anna Wickline, Lee Wickline, Evelyn Smith, Harold Spencer, Agnes Rice, Billy Moores, Margaret Taylor, Melton Wise, Lillie Peterson

Marders Lovejoy, Kenneth O'Dell, Kristjan Kagerma, Sidney Miller, Phyllis Mann, Ruth King, Lucille Lewis, Rena Ketchersid, Russell Hoernlein, Florene Ison, Donald May

ually affect the world. The dramatic efforts of the United Nations to build a basis for world order has excited wide interest;

Ruth Kouns, Dolores Melton, Betty Jean Mayfield, Carrie Lee Hall, Jeanette Huff, Nancy Stevenson, Jack Hodge, LaVern Huie, Elberta Miller, Frank Harris, Violet Baker, Eugene Howard, Dan Harman, Clofis Hurst

Pat Brothers, Alan Biggerstaff, Ann Bishop, James Bentley, Nell Berry, Norma Codisoti, Alice Leonhart, Pat Smith, Mary Deadrick, Jean Banks, Shirley Hiser, Shirley Beatty

we wondered how men could be so foolish as to argue bitterly over apparently trival matters when the future of world culture lay in

Billy Maltby, Willie Lave, Evelyn Ayers, Pat Napier, Peter McNeill, James Peace, Lilas Neal, Lenore Gabler, Vera Spickard, Louise Archer, Vivian Adams, Martha Bailey, June Puckett, Betty Jo Melton, Martha Shurtleff

Woodie Vaughn, Ralph Wigginton, Miriam Crowe, Windle Arms, Thomas Hall, David Gilreath, Willie Howsman, Ernie Hogue, Betty Jo Pearl, Elbert Robinson, Debelou Isaac, Sara Byles, Leila Cain, Robert Arrington

Foster Burgess, Lona Cochran, Keith Hubbard, Wayne Cornett, Yolanda Ander, Mildred Crunkleton, Bill Gosser, Frances Stillings, Gerardo Guarch, Calvin Baird, Jeannette King, Harold Terry, Glenn Cornette, Billie Chambers, Artie Combs

Eugene Wesley, Jean Morgan, Bob Williams, Georgia Richie, Bill Manning, Ethan Freemen, Dan Baugh, Helen Turner, Ruby Duff, Ursula Simons, Robert Wesley, Frances Barnette, Harold Riley

their decisions. One midnight as we sat in our rooms studying we heard the words that in theory may have significance on wars to come. The radio announcer said, "We now interrupt all NBC programs to bring you this special announcement: The eleven Nazi

Colleen Singleton, Claudia Kaler, Dortch Warriner, Montague Tennyson, Woodrow Phillpott, Nora Garret, Scott Warrick, Edith Melton, Keary Sutherland, Jewel Shelley, Isabelle Tucker, Helen Tucker

Jimmy Pigg, Courtney Phillips, June Craft, Otis Gabbard, Harry Stambaugh, Ramona Booth, Barbara Hefner, Bill Rolland, Jacky Hopper, Yvonne Fish, Bob Hart

war criminals met death tonight . . . ,"and the regular program continued as the dance band vocalist sang "This isn't sometime,

Curtis Haverly, Artur Jurs, Clifton Marshall, Randall McConkey, Sylvia Null, Marilyn Hubbard, Virginia Kyer, Lois Kyer, Betty Shaffer, Alan Miller, Thomas Hancock

Betty Pingley, Ben Whitmire, Myrtle Tonne, Ronald Noel, Russel Patton, Louise Shultz, Evelyn Wolfe, Kathleen Fyffe, Doris Wa'ker, Amelia Shusher

Emmett Graves, Leon Moore, Clyde McCall, Ernest Morrow, Kenneth Dickerson, Margie Forte, Marsha Hammond, Walter Hunt, Marders Lovejoy, Wanda Howard, Althea Gollihugh

his is always." But we knew so well that "always" can be such a short time and that the death of eleven men is just the death of eleven men.

Bill Burkle, Beverley Hays, Walter Shelton, Doris Edmundson, Dorothy LeFevers, Barbara Hurst, Charles Flowers, Lola Sholar, Jack Deyton, Gilda Bower, Betty Caldwell, Jean Fain, Jacqueline Shaw

Colleen Wheeler, Donald Lainhort, Frank Sligh, Joyce Pennington, "Skid" Johnson, Phyllis Pennington, Mary "Jim" Trail, Charles Warnock, Marie Day, Edna Hughes, Eudis Singleton, Gladys Chaney, Orlin Singleton, "Doc" Stevens

Richard Taitano, Gilbert Girdler, Eleanor Louke, Dorothy Talbot, Burnis Banks, Margoret McKinney, Sam Hodges, Margaret Bradley, Lorene Hudson, Beverley Taylor, Helen Pruitt, June Hubble, Joe Craft, Nelleno Davis, June Turner

Barbara Cassell, Ladye Craddock, Hazel Dause, Minnie Sanders, Gilmer Callison, Bob Cornett, Bill Farmer, Max Chance, Jeannette Carr, Pat Dawson, Josephine Beck, Shirley Flynn, Hager Arnett, Bryant Brown, Lena Yowell

When we think of this year in terms of a year and weeks and days, it may not mean much. And when we think of it in terms of ac-

Bert Clark, Betty Casto, Myrie McNeeley, Virginia Zicafoose, Naomi Norris, Suzanne Tewell, Evelyn Hammonds, Oreta Allen, Dorothy Jenkins, Charlene Sewell, Jean Grider

Denis Ball, Marguerite Baker, Bill Edwards, John Basham, Helen Brumit, Leonore Nall, Bill Webb, Margie Blevins, Patsy Hamilton, Joyce Alcorn, Okra Abbott, Peggy Hamilton, Don Funkhouser, Virginia Burgin, Dorothy Dorton

Yvonne Perkins, Mary Elizabeth Ferrell, Martha Burks, Clotilde Deschamps, Virginia Lane, Dorothy Flowers, Maxine Bonner, Glenna Kiser, Richard Parker, John Ross

complishments, it still may not mean much. There were days when we knew we would do greater things than we had ever done before,

Joe Ella Wolfe, Nancye Rose, Earl Woods, Jean Dawson, Rachel Teague, Gladys Sosebee, Ruth Barnes, Jane Midkiff, Rubye Teague

Cleta Brook, Joseph Cornelison, Clyde Burchette, John Combs, Fletcher Bray, Elaine Charles, Wina Lee Little, Jolley Duncan

SPECIAL STUDENTS—James Bentley, Arthur Reynolds, Joe Smith, Burnis Banks

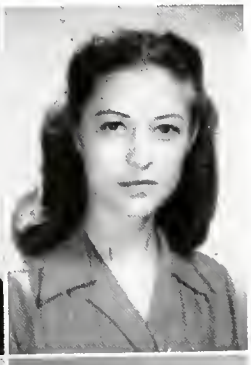
and there were days on which we died, and because we did die we are what we are today. Days on which we were biased in our criticisms, not realizing that most of us continue to live more by our emotions than by our minds, not that our minds are weak

HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS

John Bradbury, president; Bernice Smith, treasurer; Pat Langford, secretary; Bill Hanger, vice president

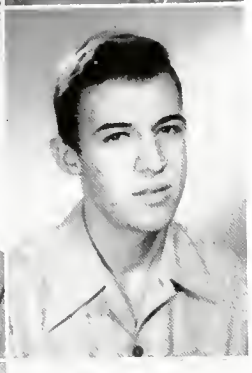
but that our hearts are imperious. Days on which we chanced to talk with someone for whom we had never found interest, and from

Nora Edith Adkins
Leck, Virginia



Winifred Allen
Orlando, Ky.

Clayton S. Anderson
Wheelwright, Kentucky



Lawrence Harold Arnett
Louisville, Kentucky

William E. Arrowood
Spruce Pine, N. C.

Mabel Lucille Baker
Norwood, Ohio

Shirley Marie Baker
Berea, Kentucky

Inez Black
Bakersville, N. C.

Margaret Louise Blizzard
Jenkins, Kentucky

John I. Bradbury
Wheelwright, Ky.

Numia Bradley
Paintsville, Ky.

James Evans Burchfield
Jellico, Tennessee

James Ralph Burton
Kodak, Kentucky

Buena Jean Carrithers
Bushnel, Florida

Joyce Casey
Spartanburg, S. C.

Vivian Clarkston
Berea, Kentucky

Donald W. Claypool
Campton, Kentucky

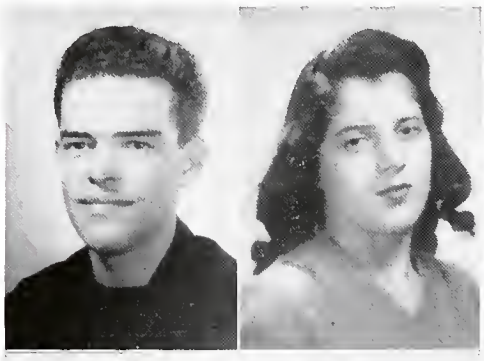
Jeane DeLany Cochran
Miami, Florida

Edward Colwell
Kodak, Kentucky

Gene Hurst Combs
Hazard, Kentucky

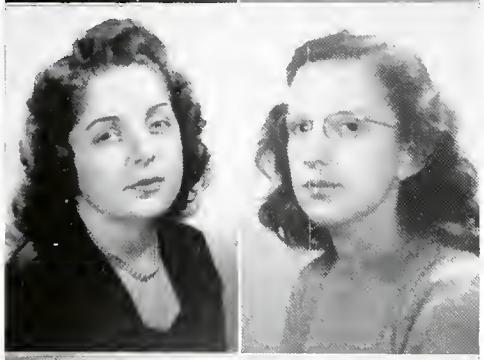
trivial remarks at this meeting we understood deeply. What is

most important is that those were days on which we were looking for an answer of some kind. One answer is enough. We are fortu-



Charles Raymond Cooper
Houckville, Kentucky

Mabeline Coots
Cumberland, Ky.

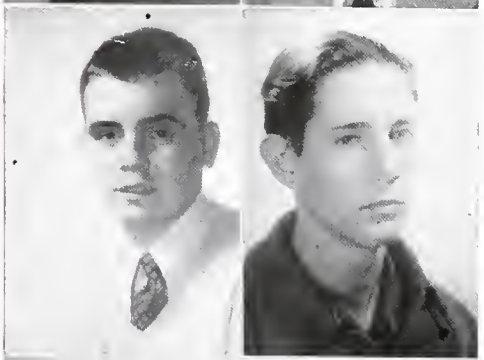


Ruth Annelle Cunningham
Harrodsburg, Kentucky

Mary Maxine Davis
Appalachia, Va.

Marjorie Marie Day
Mill Pond, Kentucky

Truman Denham
Tompkinville, Ky.

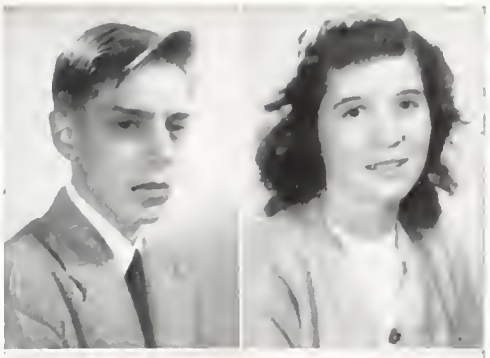


Jack Eric Dobbins
Spindale, N. C.

David A. Douglass
San Francisco, Calif.

Wanda Jean Doyle
Millstone, Ky.

Jean Easterling
Louisville, Ky.

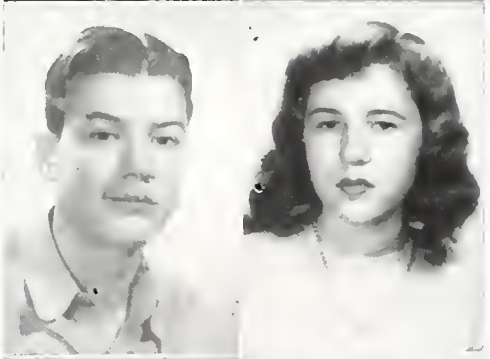


Glenn Ray Elkin
Berea, Kentucky

Mary Elizabeth Eubanks
Glacier Park, Montana

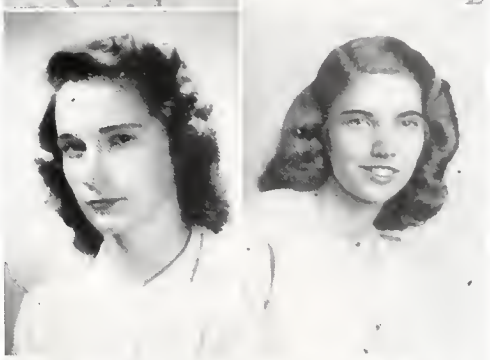
William James Evans
Olive Hill, Kentucky

Jenny Lind Fain
Kingsport, Tenn.



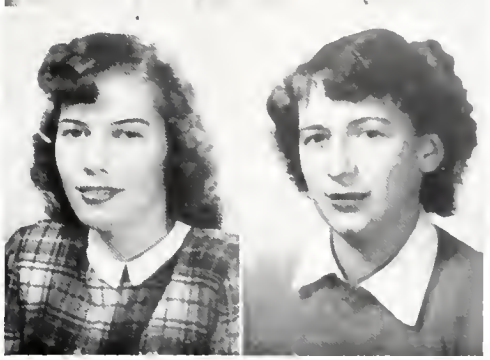
Dillard Bruce Feltner
London, Kentucky

Bette Finley
Jellico, Tenn.



Bettye Jean Finnell
Berea, Kentucky

Elizabeth Ann Fortner
Berea, Kentucky



Eva Lee Fothergill
Berea, Kentucky

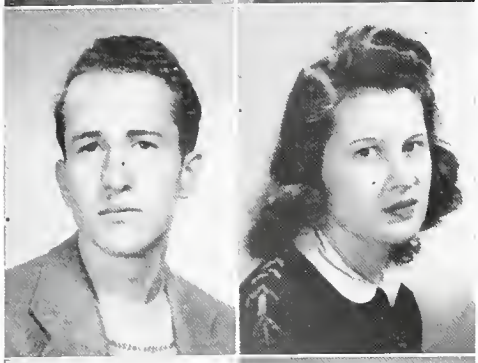
Joyce Teleatha Gander
Cannon, Kentucky

nate if we each have found one answer, and it is great enough and

correct and so strong that we know we won't lose it. Too many fail to find even one answer.

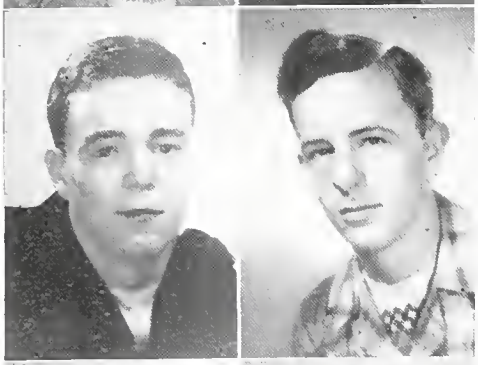
David Robert Gentry
Quail, Kentucky

Bette Jo Gevedon
Oklahoma City, Okla.



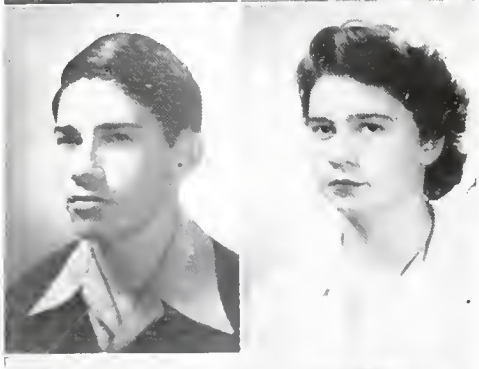
Edwin Gibson
Oceana, W. Va.

Hazel Christine Graff
Monticello, Kentucky



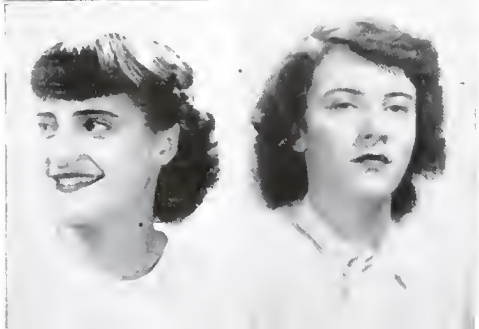
Charles William Hanger
Wheelwright, Kentucky

Robert Harmon
Wharton, W. Va.



Howard Milton Henline
Spruce Pine, N. C.

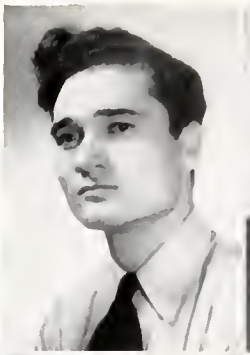
Ted Katherine Hesse
Berea, Kentucky



Gladys Hubbard
Bright Shade, Ky.

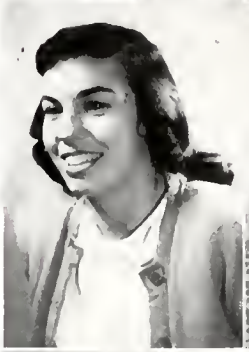
Gloria Morgan Hudlow
White Sulphur Springs,
W. Va.

Jerald Huff
Krypton, Ky.



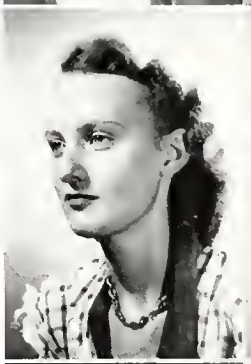
Robert William Huff
Cincinnati, Ohio

Martha Lou Hutcherson
Berea, Kentucky



Dorothy Hyde
Manchester, Ky.

Helena Jacobs
Halls Gap, Ky.

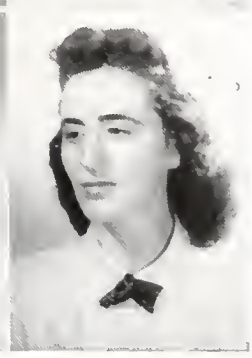


Inez Joan Jenkins
Rovencliff, W. Va.

Margaret Louise Johns
Harveyton, Kentucky

Grace Johnson
Jabez, Ky.

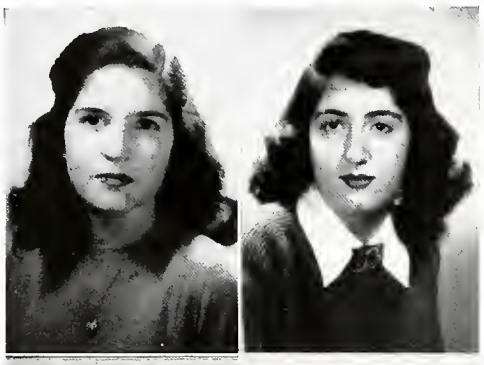
Ora T. Johnson, Jr.
Irvine, Kentucky



Rose Ann Johnson
Berea, Kentucky

A few of the persons we've known have been inestimably influ-

ential; they are our teachers, our roommates, our friends. With those people we have lived our campus lives. We have discussed



Faye Kegley
Olive Hill, Ky.

Patricia Langford
Albany, Kentucky

Elva Langseth
Long Island, N. Y.

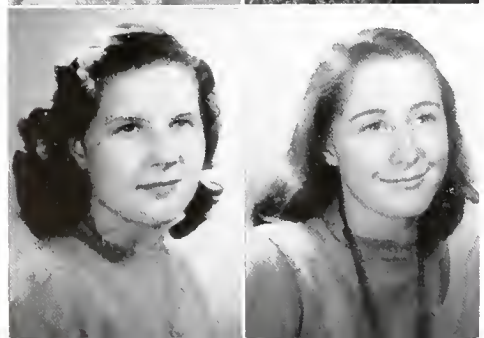
Carlos P. Lopez
Havana, Cuba

Myra Laferne Louthan
Sneedville, Tennessee

Mollye Elizabeth Lovelace
Berea, Kentucky

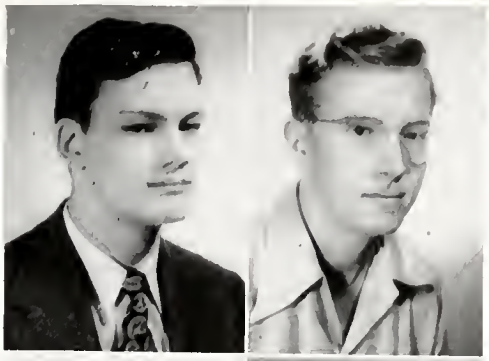
Lois Elaine McMahan
Louisville, Kentucky

Hugo E. Miller
Drift, Kentucky



Edith Rose Morgan
Wyoming, Ohio

Etta Mae Neal
Berea, Kentucky



Andrew H. Nicholaus
Hyden, Kentucky

Clyne Nolan
Pine Mountain, Ky.

Helen May Patrick
Berea, Kentucky

Ethel Nolene Pearson
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Mildred D. Pennington
Fielden, Kentucky

Orie Perkins
Jellico, Tenn.

Martin Potter, Jr.
Louise, Kentucky

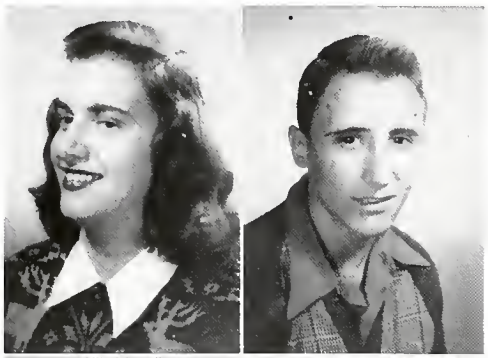
Patsy Marie Pullins
Berea, Kentucky

Christine Purcell
Plato, Kentucky

Forrest Winfrey Rice
Cane Valley, Kentucky

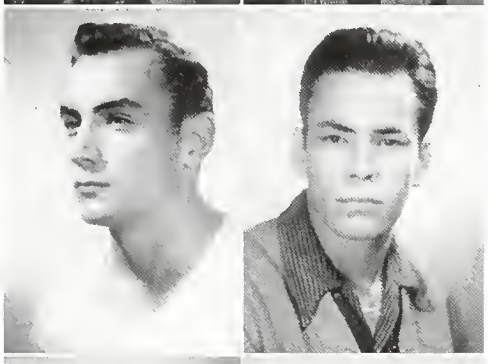
and argued with them, and eaten and smoked and gone to the

street for coffee and ice cream. We've gone together to Saturday night movies, to special West End shows, and have cheered the



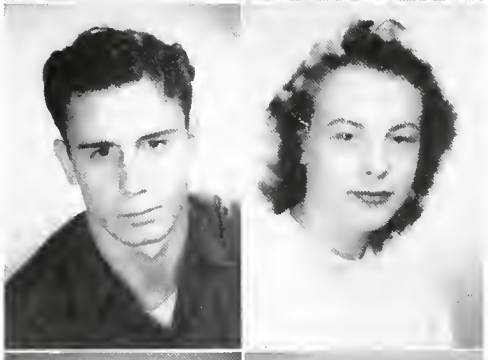
Jane Robison
Bakersville, N. C.

Ray Rose
Berea, Ky.



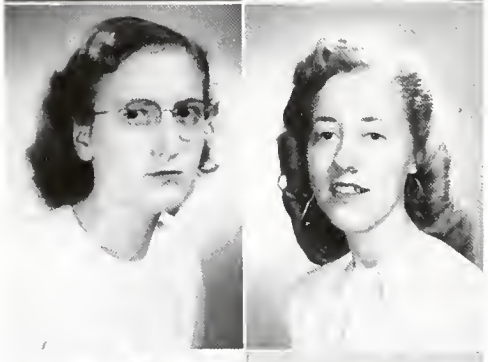
Rufus Saylor, Jr.
Akron, Ohio

Bales Silas
Lexington, Ky.



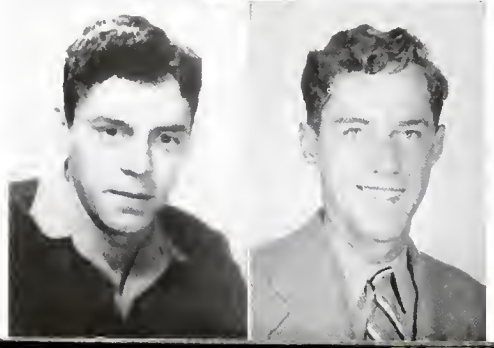
Oliver Singleton
Emmalena, Kentucky

Bernice Smith
Hindman, Kentucky



Olvia Mary Smith
Disputanta, Ky.

Anna Lee Sparkman
London, Kentucky



Shelby Spicer
Willow, Ky.

Irving H. Thornton
Maitland, Florida

Ruth Ann Van Cleve
Berea, Kentucky

Willie Van Horne
Buchanan, Ky.

Verna Van Winkle
Richmond, Indiana

Ralph Norman Varhaug, Jr.
Kankakee, Illinois

Sarah Louise Via
Denver, Colorado

James Thomas Warming
Jellico, Tennessee

Phyllis Weaver
Corbin, Kentucky

Clara White
Gate City, Va.

Clinton W. Williams
Henderson, Kentucky

Roberta Lee Williams
Middletown, Ohio

Varsity at evening games. We've taken early morning walks

Randall P. Williams
Berea, Kentucky

Ruth Wyldine Williams
Berea, Kentucky

Eddie Kay Wilson
Columbus, N. C.

Helen Mae Workman
Bluefield, W. Va.

along the field behind E.R. and have climbed Noah's Ark in the afternoons, and after dark we have walked with our hand on someone's arm across the campus and under the catalpa trees along Estill street, scuffling the big brown leaves in autumn; we have walked through the snow of winter and we've walked in the springtime with our hearts gone to glory.

THE FOUNDATION SCHOOL

FOUNDATION FACULTY — Grace Wilson, Reading; John Harman, Bible and English; James Durham, Mathematics; Mrs. Waldemar Noll, English; Harriet Schroeder, Home Economics; Grace Wright, Social Studies; Mary Williams, Latin; T. M. Wright, Mathematics; Florene Brooks, English; Nancy Barnett, Mathematics; Mary Louise Caldwell, Physical Education; Dora McCowan, Business; Mrs. Anna Bornett, Ungraded Classes; Cleo Withrow, Home Economics; Helen Nichols, Social Studies; Mrs. James Taylor, Secretary, Foundation School Office; Lucille Troutman, Science

ELEVENTH GRADE

Doris Gilbert, Janis Wells, Martha Holroyd, Lois Davidson, Geneva Smith, Ann Calmes, Salustiano Ortiz, Effie Gilbert, Mary Goodrich, Lottie Gilliam, Vianna Miller, Norma Jean Crase, Margaret Gray, Betty Sergent, Nadene Wade

What those people mean to us is a precious knowledge possessed by each of us individually. We have learned to interpret their par-

Ursula Boehm, Esther Allen, Faye Black, Edna Spicer, Hershel Beck, Sandy Chalmers, Corban Goble, Virgil Cook, John Coyle, Ramona Combs, Sue Austin, Betty Christopher, Harold Dorf, Hugh Card, John Biggerstaff, John Atkinson

Orville Helterbrand, Janie Ragland, Betty Redmond, Emogene Gilpin, Kay Cooper, Henry Hamilton, Betsy Churchill, Ernest Day, Dolores Noll, Julia Eymann, Dorothy Renchen, James Back, Bruce Brooks, Burton Archer, George Glisson

ticular actions and words, and we know their gestures and the significance of the tones of their voices; we know when the kidding

Fred Shrader, James Smith, Juanita Sizemore, Walter Jacobs, Sheila Strunk, Bourbon Singleton, Virginia Miller, Jean Martin, Edna Mae Ruckel, Robert Knox, John Snyder

ends and what comes after. And we know to what degree they have assisted us in realizing that the aim of this past year has been to learn how to make better buildings, better books and bet-

Jerry Elkin, Chester Turner, Nova Kuntz, Bill Poty, Christine Fields, Glenn Ison, Sheila Strunk, Walter Jacobs, Ethel Reynolds, Ed Strong, Mahala Smith, Joyce Jones

TENTH GRADE

Jack Ambrose, Jason Cornett, Gilbert Thomas, Sam Morrow, Billy Oyler, Donald Vanderpool, Robert Lee Jones, Wayne Hymer, Betty Robbins, Janice Stephenson, Sylvia Bates, Charlene Abbey, Sallie Bates, Edmond Roberts, Geraldine Lyttle

ter men. However, since impure men have constructed some of

Roy Walters, Jr., Owen Schumacher, Bob Hamilton, Isaac Musick, Enos Browning, Kenneth Fultz, John Shupe, Libby Card, Mildred Holbrook, Mae Durham, Carl Graham, Audrey Thomas, Willa Smith, Jean Phillips, June Moss, Zimmer Luttrell, Betty Jo Hendricks

Joyce Gregory, Rosemary Cook, Eugene Wilson, Don Jarrell, Doyle Taylor, Cleone Sparks, Rose McNees, John Jones

the world's best buildings and since men plagued with the various

Tommy Kincaid, Bill Chapman, Charles McGraw, Frank Calmes, Virgil Blackburn, Lester Acree, Don Brooks, Bob Capps, Walter Huff, Herbert Bell, Helen Litton, Norma Gentry, Polly Bryant, Daisy Davenport

weaknesses of the earth have composed masterpieces with words, our primary responsibility is to make better men. It is at times a

NINTH GRADE

Walter Hoskins, Manie Gabbard, Edith Potter, Lois McDaniel, John McDonald, Everett Raines, Gerald Gravett, Paul Wright, Toby Taylor, Betty Whitaker, Pat Williams, Louella Phillips, Ernestine Lamb, Juanita Kilbourne, Jack Vance

Hirschel Allen, Raul Mieres, Martha Ortiz, Ruby Cornett, Mae Baker, Evelyn Redmon, Estill Barger, Mary Armstrong, Helen Baker, Francis Bonney, Billy Bryan, James Baker, George Akens, Gordon Acton, John Abney

Dorman Litton, Lillian Shepard, Lena Wells, Imojean Stollings, Sharon Pollock, Jo Stafford, Mary Jo Walters, Lucille Tutt, Allene Wade, Ralph Wade, Irvin Spurlock

Everett Kilbourne, Sturm Carroll, Edna Callahan, Robert Ellenberg, Roy Edwards, Jack Belcher, Bill Foley, Gladys Jennings, Bill Evans, Roy Deck, Wilma Fortner, Reva Ja Fowler, Mitzi Churchill, Ruby Catchen, Verlie Jones

discouraging responsibility, but even the man that God Himself made was far from infallible.

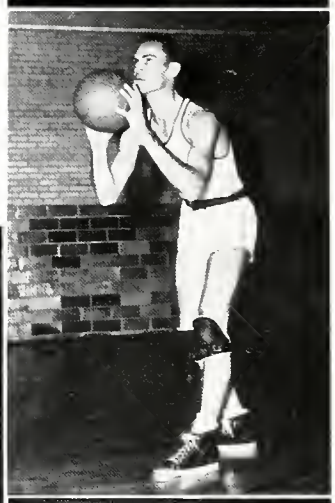
7

Mgr. Reynolds

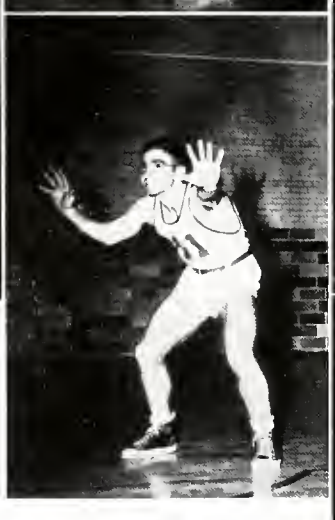
H. Adams

Craft

Williams

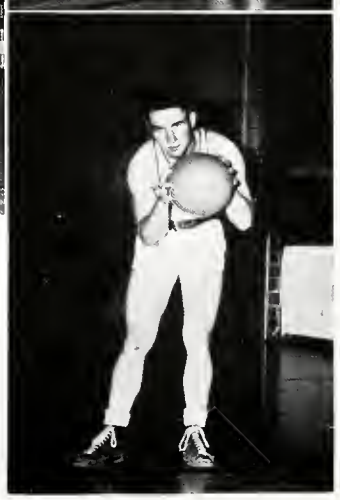


Gilreath



Rabbins

Kilbourne

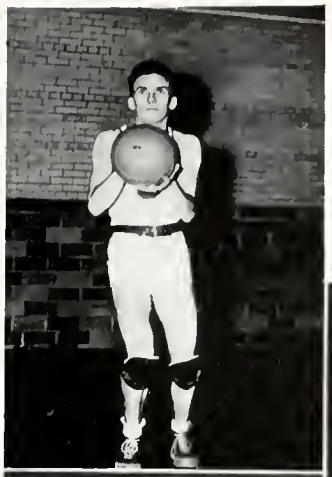


Coach Wyatt

Hill

Rutnoski

Lovell



I. Adams

Hall

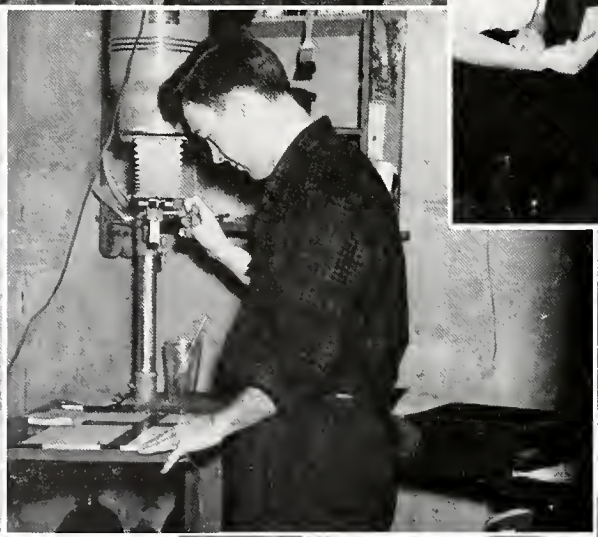
Brown

Hale

FOUNDATION BASKETBALL TEAM

Harry Kilbourne, coach; Ray Rose, Salustiano Ortiz, Don Jarrett, Owen Schumacher, Dillard Feltner, Roy Walters, Gunkler, Howard Hayes, Bill Huff, Hugo Miller, John Bradbury, Bobby Gentry, Bill Hanger, Forrest Rice

W. A. A. Baard — Evelyn Pennington, treasurer; Doris Neal, president; Margaret Susang, secretary; Irene Pigman, vice president



Co-editors

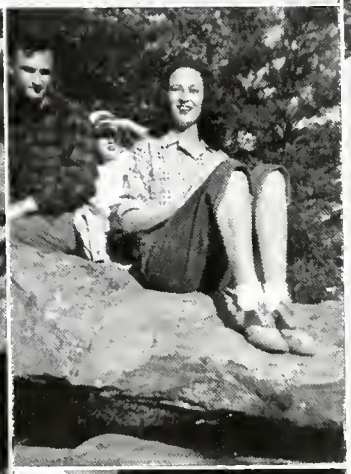
Willard Arnett

Ruth Steinberg

THE STAFF

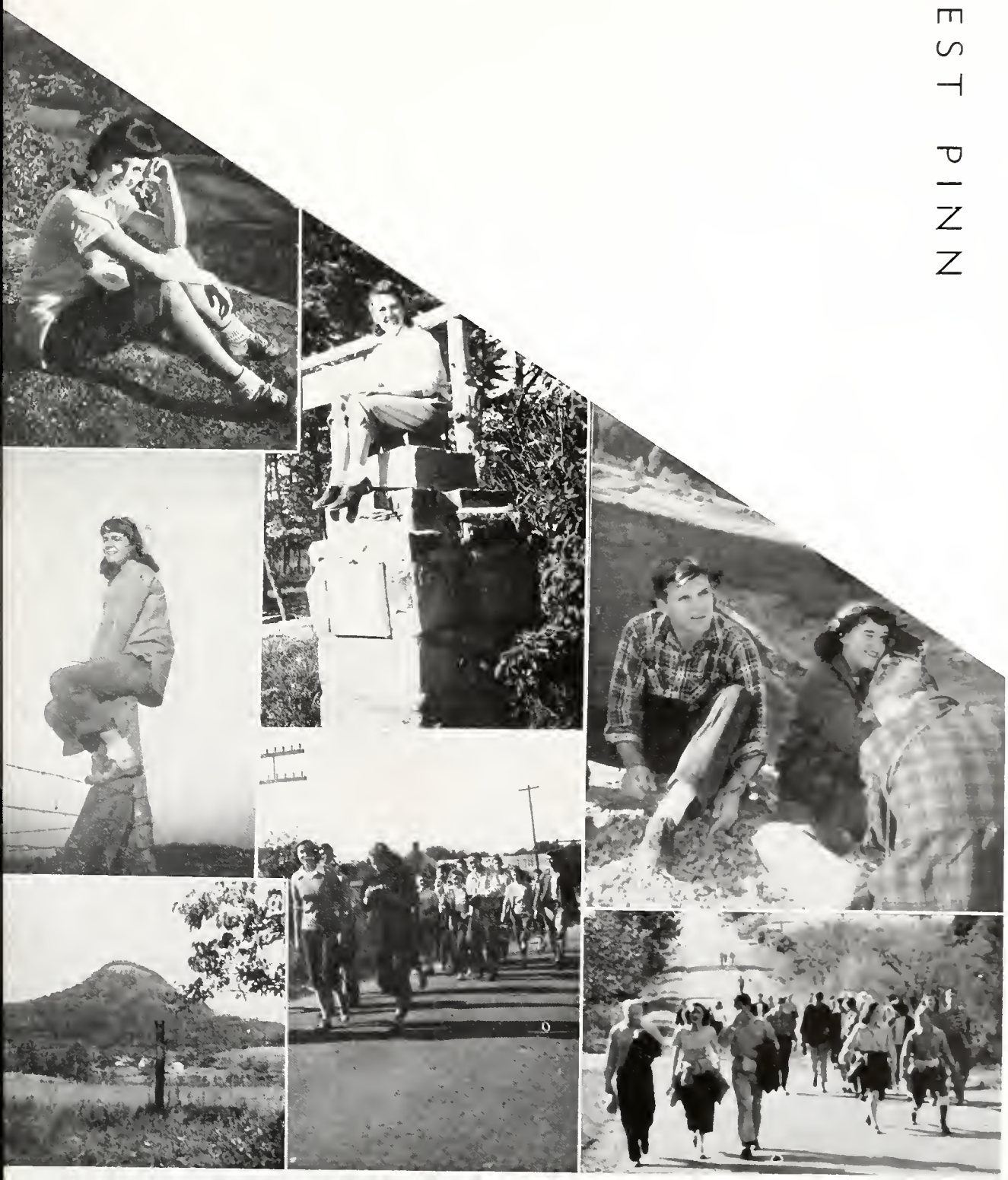
Frank Seto, art editor; Jean Justice, Elena Cipolla, June Settle, Corban Goble, Betty Sizemore, Leonore Noll, Maxine Jennings, co-business mgr.; Joyce Lockhart, Lillie Margaret Pressley, Norris Woodie, Elinor Zipf, Jerry Crouch, Dean Cadle, literary editor; Gretka Young, Woodrow Reed, co-business mgr.; Winnie Allen Reed, Bill Welsh, photography; Theda Taylor, Dick Bailey, Betty Jean Morgan, circulation; Jane Bishop, Eileen Hartley, Noreen Smith, Joyce Reedy

NOT IN PICTURE—Mary Ellen Ayer, Ruth Burnett, Rosebelle Fallis, Joan Lykins, Alta Whitt, Tobie Woolums, Mr. Roy Walters, Mr. Ben Welsh



EAST PINN

WEST PINN

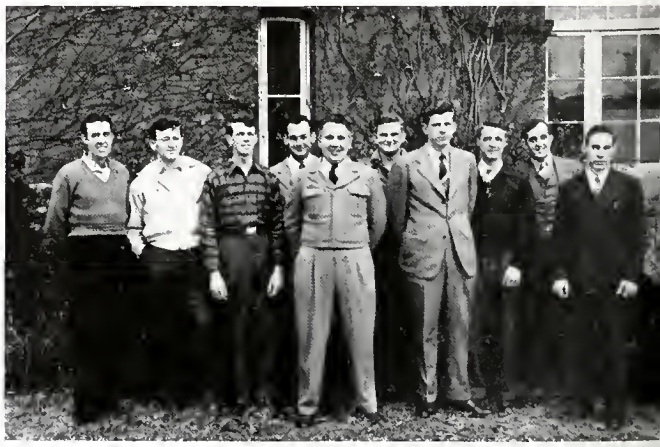


STUDENT GOVERNMENT

L. D. SENATE

U. D. STUDENT COUNCIL

U. D. WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION



U. D. MEN'S ASSOCIATION

SIGMA PI SIGMA

PI ALPHA

HONORARY SOCIETIES

TAU KAPPA ALPHA

PI GAMMA MU

THESPIANS

BEREA PLAYERS

SCENE FROM HOME-COMING PRODUCTION "BLITHE SPIRIT"

ALPHA PSI OMEGA

TAU DELTA TAU

HI-Y

LIFE SERVICE

YMCA CABINET

YWCA CABINET

VETS' ASSOCIATION COUNCIL

"B" CLUB

FIRE DEPARTMENT

FRENCH CLUB

COSMOPOLITANS

ECONOMICS AND
BUSINESS CLUB

COUNTRY DANCERS

PUBLIC AFFAIRS FORUM

SOCIOLOGY CLUB

STUDIO ENSEMBLE

MEN'S GLEE CLUB

WOMEN'S GLEE CLUB

ORCHESTRA

BAND

STRING QUARTET

FOUNDATION
GLEE CLUB

AG CLUB

HOME-EC CLUB

ROYAL COLLEGIANS

THE WALLPAPER

TWENTY WRITERS

"Varying expression
From simple phrases to new vibrant sounds,
We build patterns of young living . . . ."

NOW

These are the times of the year for man's wondering,
watching his being, his living, his love.
Now while earthforms return fast to earth,
now when the leaves on the branches are tinged,
        now when the leaves on the ground smell earthy, now
        when a bare branch climbs up from the rest,
        not hidden by branches and showing its own,
naked and delicate
sharpness delineate,
now when the wetness of rain just come,
past,
is still on the grass, and the leaves on the grass and
        the wet groundy smell comes pungent and fiery,
these are the times of the year for all wondering.

What can man wonder about being and loving, asking his being
why
truthfully
answers not given,
not in the seeing, the smelling, the touching can be there
quietly
staying
quietly?

Now when he sees and he smells and he knows
he comes in his natural form and his being,
feels elation, exuberant happiness, love in the change
        of life to earth sleeping
sleeping, not going,
changing and growing,
preparing another frostier beauty,
making ready another cold and sharp looking,
the same yet in difference coldly forlorn,
he
forsaken by all but his sense and his knowing
that this is for him, this happiness his
in his foundation changing
seeing and smelling
wondering
wondering

—Lester Pross

EVENING RHYTHM

Coming
From the room across the hall:
Music
Sliding up and down the wall
Snake-like,
Pulling dreams and lovely scenes
Slowly:
Kings and queens and guillotines
Somewhere
In a land where strangest things
Happen,
Where birdies bloom and flowers sing
Sweetly.

Always
When I am tired and sleepy
Evenings,
And the music's soft and weepy,
Sighing
In the room across the hall
Softly,
Then I hear the flowers call
Sweetly
And see the birdies gently wave,
Nodding
While kings and queens misbehave
Gladly.

But I know it's all a dream
Surely,
For things may often seem
Truly
What they never are at all
Really
When music plays across the hall
Softly.

—Willard E. Arnett

WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN

Yesterday I met a Man.
He was the hope of the world
Yet he held no hope for it.

"What straw do you extend to me?"
I cried.
"Will man catch himself in mid-air,
See before it is too late
That his brother's hand
Is his own hand?"

"I doubt it," said he complacently.
"The opposing forces will probably
Blow each other to bits
And leave those who want
To live in peace
To live in peace."

I sat mute with pained astonishment.

This Man, whose name has been
On the lips of the hopeful—

But teacher—But teacher—
I ached to shrill—

This Man who for weeks and months
Had endured a physical torture
Worse than the uncertainty of battle
Yet who called his spirit free;
This Man of renowned faith
In the world of the hopeful
Silenced me with his despair.
Not his despair—
My despair.

—Gretka Young

DEAR MAMA

You have been waiting for me to grow up. I have seen you looking at me from babyhood to adolescence and now that I am almost a woman you think that your time is near to see in me, your only daughter, all the things you never had a chance to be.

When you were my age, Mama, you were on a boat coming to America. You had run from your village to Warsaw, and at Brussels you had caught an old American liner on its last run. You and a little brother and sister, a disheartened father and a sick mother. Like thousands of immigrants before you and after you, you crowded to the rail of your ship and stretched out your hand to the Statue of Liberty. There on Ellis Island two older brothers met you and took you to a small farm in New Jersey. You were

smelling freedom air for the first time in your life, Mama, and you felt it was enough to keep you alive forever.

But I was born into freedom air. You told me that, and all these years I have been waiting for the same kind of revelation you had when you put your foot on this country. It hasn't come, and today I am writing you to ask if there is something you forgot to teach me, or if there is actually nothing new under the sun for me.

When I was a child I used to say, "When I grow up I will do this," or "When I am big this will happen to me." I expected each new experience to be a revelation, and when it wasn't, I thought the next one would be. I am fortunate. I have had a chance to do everything. I have roller skated and I have studied Latin. I have been to a senior prom, and I have grubbed potatoes before the sun came up. I have had close friends. I have been loved, and I have been well taken care of. I like my vegetables and my milk and I like to brush my teeth. I don't want to smoke and I don't want to drink and I don't want to hang out at roadhouses. You brought me up well, Mama, but today I am asking you for something more.

Today I am suspended between caring and not caring. You must do something more for me. I have come away from home and in another peoples' church I have looked for what they call the universality of man. They have made their religion a very personal thing and I have expected to find it shining out of each one of them separately. Now that it has passed, Mama, I can tell you that if I had found it shining out of each one of them separately, I would have made it my own, at the risk of never seeing you again. It would have been a fine thing, don't you think, to have had it shining out of each one of them separately, but I am so glad that I did not find it, for then, like the leader in their church, I would have sent a plague of missionaries upon the world, not in the name of God, but in the name of Western culture.

Today, although I am almost senseless, there is one thing I do know, and it is that I am of my own people. On this Sunday morning with my head bowed to receive what they call a 'benediction,' Mama, I am sick for the words of my own, and I know that I can never leave again the reality of who I am.

Mama, they have here teachers, and I have listened to them carefully. Once I thought I heard one of them saying the things I needed to hear, and day after day and month after month, year after year I have gone back to heor her, hoping that each day she would say more. But each day she has said only what she said in the beginning and that is no longer new for me. It was never new under the sun. I do everything she says, Mama. I hold the brush so, and I mix the paints so, and I hold the paper first as she holds it, and then as my own spirit dictates, because she has said that is the way it must be. And she tells me that I have come into her house with an open mind and an open heart and she admires my intelligence, but I have not learned, she tells me, what she has tried to teach me. As if I didn't know. If I had learned, Mama, I would not be writing you today.

And they have here, Mama, people who would be my friends. I would tell you that some of them are, and I will carry them with me wherever I go. One is like me, and she helps me to take all this out of me and say it to you so that I may receive an answer quickly. And one is not like me, and she gives me the hope that I will come out of this. And one is a poet and he eclipses us all. And one is a scientist, and only he knows what it is all about.

Isn't it funny, Mama—words are the only things I know, and they reveal nothing to me. My words or anybody else's words. Nor symbols. Nor words and symbols together. Somewhere I read, "abstractions to a lonely eye, grow intimate as hedge and stone — Democracy, to boys who die, wears shorts and eats an ice cream cone." I held on to it for a few days—until the boys came home, like they say. But Mama, the boys are the people who were here before they left and the people who are here now that they have returned. They have come back with nothing new under the sun.

Certainly, Mama, the mountains are nothing new under the sun. Nor the trees, nor the fields, nor the little rocks. Heavens, Mama, they are the oldest things, and perhaps—I think as I write this—the oldest things in the world are the things I am asking you to teach me again or to teach me for the first time if you have not. I am sick of searching in obscure places, I am tired of

straining for strange-sounding words, and I will not hold the brush so any longer. Pretty soon, Mama, I will come home, and though I am supposed to be coming back with this something big I have been sent away to find, I tell you now that it is nothing. Nothing as compared with putting your foot on free ground for the first time in your life.

—Ruth Steinberg

MUSEUMS AND TOMBS

Tread reverently on this hallowed ground?
Speak softly in these venerated halls?
Reach lightly toward this old dead splendor?

Are they then dead and silenced who left
for you
This place, these things?

Not dead, nor in their graves!

They live in the echoes of your scuffling feet;
Their joy goes on through your gay laughter;
Their hands touch yours across the years
In ever-growing immortality.

—Emmie Voden

FIRE IN THE NIGHT

I spread my nostrils and snuff deeply of the
night air.
Somewhere there is a fire burning:
A pack of starving hounds that have run down
their prey,
Devoured the flesh, and unsatiated
Are licking the bones, cracking them between
long fanged jaws;
Pungent clouds of steam rise supernaturally
From their heated bodies, give a bloody tint
to the moon.
The workings of invisible principles,
The mystic interplay of matter
Which changes form but not content.
Someone's expression of life,
The countless, small, intimate articles and
intangibles
Dissolving into fine ash and smoke
While he looks on,
Clutches too tightly a charred remnant,
Futilely, without realizing.

—Jerry Crouch

THE LOONY

It was a funny kind of job, I thought. I was sitting there waiting for Mr. Voorhees in his study. Nursemaid to a lunatic; I sure had sunk pretty low. But it would pay well, and that was what counted. I always figure I can take care of myself. Just why Mr. Voorhees wanted to keep his loony son here in the house was something I couldn't quite figure, but that was none of my business.

The leather chair was comfortable, and I relaxed and watched the flames dancing under the new log in the marble fireplace. I guessed it was the same fireplace where the loony had killed his mother, and I remembered the news stories that came out seven years ago—"eighteen year old only son of wealthy furniture manufacturer implicated in murder . . . ." The story was a sensation and the papers made the most of it. "Servants rushing to the scene found the body of Mrs. Voorhees, her head horribly crushed against a marble hearth in the study . . . used a metal andiron . . . doctors report son as victim of epileptic disorder . . . ."

He didn't know he'd done it until later. He was all right most of the time, and his father said he would take all the responsibility—kept him under watch all the time now. I wondered how it would feel to know you were crazy.

Funny how I wasn't afraid about this job; but I always figured I could take care of myself. The idea was to watch carefully all the time, and don't let him sneak up on you.

When Mr. Voorhees came in I stood up.

"You're Mr. Harris Nicholson?" he said as he held out his hand. His grasp was firm and slow and somehow sort of, well, genuine. Everything about him was sincere, and kind

of sad even when he smiled at me as he sat down.

His hair was young looking, thick and black, but his face in the firelight looked tired and like it had had a tough time of it. He looked at me gravely and I felt sorry for him; I guess he'd really been kicked around pretty bad.

"It may seem odd that I should talk to you this way, but I want you to know how it is." His hands, that looked gentle and sensitive, helped him express what he was trying to say.

"Do you know what loneliness means?" His eyes begged me to understand. I could see right away he was trying to put something across to me about taking care of his lunatic son. I was thinking about the times I had been in the ring with the Kid and how I got so I could get him on his heels with my old right cross to the chin. That made me feel good about this lunatic. But I was listening all the time I was thinking about it, so Mr. Voorhees would know I was sincere about this thing. He kept on talking.

"You are born lonely, and when you die you are alone. And some people are more alone than others. There is no escape when you are shut up inside yourself." He looked at me and hesitated. "What I mean is—some peope are set apart, with an extra wall of loneliness around them that normal people don't have." I nodded, and he looked back at the fireplace and went on like he meant to try to say it whether I got the drift or not.

"No language can penetrate that void of loneliness—no hand can touch the place where your soul hears nothing but its own music." He wasn't talking to me anymore; it was like he was reading words from inside himself. He was sitting there real calm, but you knew he meant it, and I guess he knew what he was talking about, although I was waiting for him to get down to where the lunatic came in.

"You speak words, but only with your tongue, and the words you speak are only an appeal for bread, for warmth, for existence. And that isn't what you want. You can't tell them what you really want. The most articulate word you have for that is only a whimper—or silence—or if you are by yourself, tears—to express your voiceless fear for the solitude you don't know how to break." He stopped and stared at me. "Do you see what I mean? Everybody's like that. Some of them may not realize that this is what they have unconsciously known from the beginning of understanding. But you see what I mean?" I nodded but I wasn't really sure what he was driving at, except to tell me that maybe his son got sort of blue sometimes and I was to expect that.

"You want to touch another person's warm body with your own—some way to get away from the loneliness, but even here is no release. Love—love, even if you could have it, is just a futile desire to share what is in your own soul with someone else—even only one other. Because inside you there is something exquisite, delicate as a snowflake crystal, and it is beautiful and sad and too big and wonderful to express. That's what you really are inside. And no one knows what you are—no one knows!" He paused, and when he started again his voice was soft.

"Do you like the feel of sunlight? You want to drink it, get it inside you some way, to make what you are clear and luminous as day—or you want to be in a crowd—you want to know a lot of people, or just one. Just one living soul. Just one. You try to break through the walls of silence. Or failing that, forget that there is the loneliness inside. And then, right in the midst of the noise or light or people, the stark emptiness of your own soul strikes through and wipes all pretense away." His hand gripping the arm of the chair relaxed.

"That's what loneliness is—an eternal wash of solitude inside your soul. And the beauty and pain inside you. Beauty is a sad and lonely thing . . . ."

He was tired now. The firelight made deep shadows in the hollows of his face. I guess he was afraid he hadn't made it clear to me after all. But I knew what he meant, even if he did say it in a fancy sort of way. I had known all along that this loony was a special one, and I was prepared without all this.

The door from the hallway opened. A white-haired man came in, gently closing it behind him.

"Mr. Nicholson," he said as I got on my feet. "I'm sorry you have had to wait. I see you've met my son."

—Eileen Hartley

HARMONY

Let me not exist long,
But often,
In the dominant tones
of the scale of life.
Because these:
Desire,
Seeking,
Expectation,
Are what make life beautiful.
These tones pull the soul towards
Satisfaction,
Peace,
Quiesence:
The tonic members of life's scale.

Yet—
When there is no ideal to demand expression,
When there is no zeal to demand action,
When there is no passion to demand attention,
May I be satisfied to live
In the every-day, sub-dominant tones
Of faith, hope, and love.

—Marjorie Keener

THE CRITICS

I heard you play this evening.

Network of directors, embryo musicians,
chairmen of Departments
of so and so;
Critics of Preparation, Practicing, Rehearsing,
Performance,
And I . . . .

"Does his approach imply a working knowledge of French and German?"
Provocative suggestions regarding tone quality.
Demands of penetrating knowledge, "refined sense of musical styles . . . ."
Splendid analysis of perplexing bifurcation.

Midst the educated nods of critical approval
I smiled at you,
And noticed the graceful cooperation
Of your music
And your body.

—Frances Bradshaw

ANTHEM OF THE LOCUSTS

He left Child's restaurant, and as he walked hurriedly down the cavern-like street in New York's summer nighttime he suddenly realized that for the past two days he hadn't noticed the heat; he realized that he had noticed hardly anything since Anne had come. He had on several occasions even put the wrong food on the plates.

This was the second night that he had hurried down the street, past the soft lights of Radio City and through the solemn darkness of Rockefeller Plaza, his heart a tight ball of fear from knowing that one night soon when he climbed to his room she would not be there. Anne would be gone even more mysteriously than she had come, leaving unexplained this mystery that was so much a part of her and that had swept from him all initiative to sit down at his typewriter and link written words on the blank sheets.

He turned left on Third Avenue near the Rendezvous, the bar where he had met her two nights ago, knowing now that when she was gone he would come home by another street. He had gone in for a beer before going home, and she was sitting in a booth with a mug in front of her and was studying a map of the city. He had stood looking at her a moment, not debating, for he knew he was going over and sit with her. But he was observing her slender body and the nervousness she displayed as she looked at the map.

Later, when they had entered his room, she threw herself down across the legless day bed that sat flat on the floor and he went behind the curtain partition and made coffee. And when he brought the cups in and set them on the table beside his typewriter, she had removed the cheap brown dress and lay on the bed naked.

It was stiflingly hot in the room, and through the front section of the building that was stored with antique furniture came the noise of a passing El train. Then it was eleven o'clock in the room and quiet and hot.

He brought his cotton bath robe over to the bed; she stood up, and as he slipped the robe about her shoulders she locked her arms around his neck, pushed herself against him, and kissed him hard. She dropped her arms to his waist and held him tightly and laid her head on his chest. He swept the robe from her shoulders and placed his hands on her

thin back. She was trembling and the skin of her back was moist and cool.

"I knew I'd find you," she whispered against his sport shirt. "Not actually you. But you know—you know, don't you?"

He lifted her face and, holding it close against his, saw the play of a slight twitch across her lips. She took her lower lip in her mouth, and with her chin resting in his hand she stood leaning against him with her eyes closed.

He picked up the robe for her. She sat down on the bed and stared at him all the time they were drinking the coffee, and when he began questioning her she said she had come from Chicago.

"Is your home there?"

"No. I was going to school. I was a divinity student."

She had been with him two nights now and that was all she had said about herself.

He climbed the narrow stairway past the rooms filled with antique furniture to the third floor and paused a second with his hand on the light switch, afraid that in the lighted room he would find himself alone. He snapped the switch. Her Bible lay beside his typewriter, and Anne lay naked on the bed under the open window. She turned her head and stared at him but didn't speak. She had her lower lip in her mouth.

Long after he thought she was asleep she turned and, close against him, began whispering.

"Carl?"

He placed his hand on her shoulder.

"Do you ever sell any of your stories?"

"I haven't yet."

"How long have you been writing?"

"So long I don't remember. Much over five years, though."

"Why do you continue writing, then?"

"Mainly because I keep hoping that I may write something important."

"Yes. That's what keeps us all going on, isn't it? Hope that the next mail will bring the letter we've been waiting for all our lives. But people like you and me are miserable, Carl. We're never able to say the things we want to say, but because we feel them so strongly we never stop trying. A few people, though, are able to say things just right, and to me they are the golden children of the earth."

He lay unmoving, listening to the language of this strange girl with the pale, nervous body, who never smiled and who said so little. She was lying on the far side of the bed and was talking distinctly into the dark, hot night of the room.

"But what is most important, Carl, is that we try to understand each other. In all the towns and in all the cities we are saying in loud voices that we have understanding, but our words are no more than the noise of a million locusts. We aren't able to understand each other if we will not accept explanations and try to realize that we do all the things we do because we hope to bring ourselves a little more happiness."

"I know, Anne. But it doesn't work that way."

"That's because there are too many people who profess to goodness and really have no goodness in them. I've found too many such people everywhere I've been. My father was a pastor in a small town in Illinois, and he was one of them. Divinity school was full of them."

"Why did you leave school?"

"Because I couldn't stand it any longer. There was nothing but long hours of lectures on the values of doing right—Carl, are you listening? There was nothing but talk, and talk alone is no good, Carl. You know that. Everybody talks too much. Maybe that's what's wrong with your stories—maybe you talk too much. Most writers do. Even the writers of the Bible talked too much."

She turned in bed and moved her cool body close against his and slipped her arms around him.

"Will you write a story about me sometime?" she whispered.

"What kind of a story?"

"One about people hunting all their lives for someone to love them, and never finding anyone. That's the way it is for some people, and all they ever find is just a lot of people."

"I'd like to try it sometime."

"It seems that it would be so easy."

"No, it would be hard to write."

She ceased talking then and, as on the two previous nights, the nervousness of her body mounted and grew into prolonged passion there in the darkness of morning.

The lights were on the next night when

Carl came into the room, and the moment he walked over to the bed he knew she was gone. He had never suspected that her leaving would be like this, though, and he knew now that she would always, through all the years, be too much with him, like immature bits of talent whose companion is misery, to be always a part of him, torturously alive but inarticulate.

He sat down on the bed beside the thin figure and gently traced his fore finger across the small lips. They were cold and there was no longer the softness of the other nights. He brushed a strand of dark hair off her cheek, and with the colorless face held between his hands he sat with his eyes closed, remembering her apprehensive silence by day and her language of the dark hours, wondering about the mystery of her coming and going and the mystery she had left here with him.

He stood up and looked dazedly about the room, remembering that she had had no purse and that he didn't even know her last name. Her dress was hanging on the wall, and on the table under the bright glare of the desk lamp was his typewriter with a sheet of paper rolled into it, and beside the machine were her Bible and the map of the city.

He sat down at the table; with his elbows in front of the typewriter he held his head in his hands, and it was not until he glanced at the words that he remembered with amazement that he had not left the sheet in the machine when he quit typing four afternoons ago and that the words of the paragraph were not his own.

He read the paragraph at least a dozen times, searching in the words for the meaning of Anne's life, and then he placed his fingers on the keys and began typing. He worked the remainder of the night and all the next day, oblivious of the heat and of the noise of the passing El trains. Only once he left the table, and that was to lower the window when during the heavy afternoon shower the rain came in and sprinkled her body.

Near dusk he knew the story was finished. He had been perspiring in his armpits during all the hours, and he discovered that he was trembling from the overpowering effect of a new excitement: that out of all the years he had been writing he was confident that this time he had been swimming with his head above water.

He gathered up the pages and began reading, again reading several times the first paragraph:

"Girls like Anne are the breed of the locusts. You'll find such girls drifting aimlessly within the confines of monotony that are the small towns; you'll find them walking precariously the defective webs of the great cities of the land. And you may meet them as strangers on hot summer nights, as I met Anne six days after her release from the Christian Detention Institute for Women."

—Dean Cadle

THE VALLEY

Flesh love is like the sun
And spirit love like snow;
When sun becomes too warm,
Snow tempers it,
But sun, alone, can scorch
And leave a desert,
While snow becomes a glacier,
Cuts and chisels
The soil that holds it.

Blessed the valley touch by both:
There Alpine gardens bloom.

—Nellie Crabb

THE JEWELED ANSWER

Most ceremoniously
The minister
Entered on the noiseless velvet carpet
The presence of His Majesty.
He presented the scroll
On a pellucid cushion
Of deep-hued royal satin
To his Sovereign Lord
And withdrew
Discreetly
To await the jeweled answer.
"I have done well"
He thought, adjusting
A fold in his cardinal robe.
"The reward will come."
He stepped forward
Receiving the glittering sceptre
Inscribed with the sacred message.
As he turned to depart,
Sweeping the marble terrace
With his gleaming tasseled hem,
The bone of his ankle barked.

—Gretka Young

PURSUIT

The strength to love was gone;
Hate stalked his heart.

The wind was right and since noon
he had walked the ragged hills;
the cruel report of twigs that snapped
beneath his feet had stopped him cold.
He stooped, removed his shoes and went
barefooted up the mountainside
and lay on jagged rocks to sleep
until the blood was dry.

He woke
to spurt a curse and scream revenge
and walked an hour, in front of hate
a mile or two, and stopped to sleep
again and dreamed he fled the hills
down dusty August paths and fell
with serpents coiled about his feet.

Pursued and caught and still pursued,
he laughed and dreamed release would come,
and laughed till dreams were frightened out
and left the frenzied shape alone.

Beyond the slopes and terrible rocks,
in fields of tasseling corn,
strange and brutal death was found
and charged to undetermined cause.

—Willard E. Arnett

THIS IS WHY

Because
My gold is the farmer's gold
Is grain in moonlight
Because I like sawdust
And stardust and both
When I am still one person
And my music is
Rain on tin and
Wind
And Beethoven and the
Song of the hill-born and
Black;

And for the
Smell of train smoke and gasoline
And gardenias
For Whitman's joy
For beauty's truth
And for the
Bleeding earth and
White sand of a land I know
Where the roots are deep to
Half way down—
I write.

—Rubye Teague

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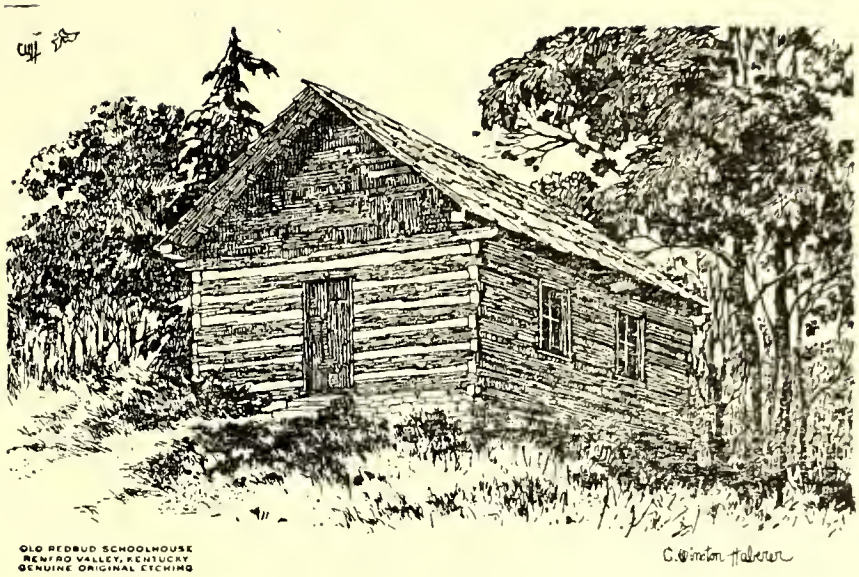

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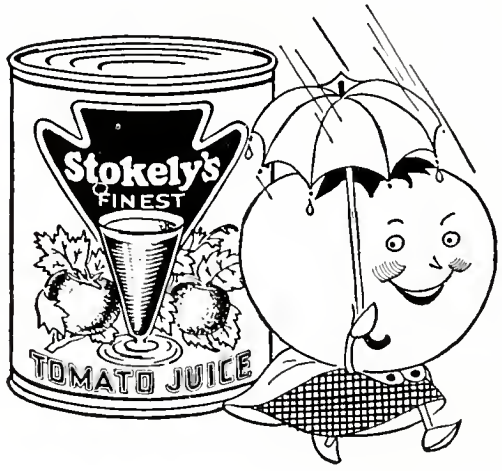

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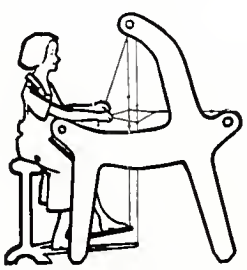

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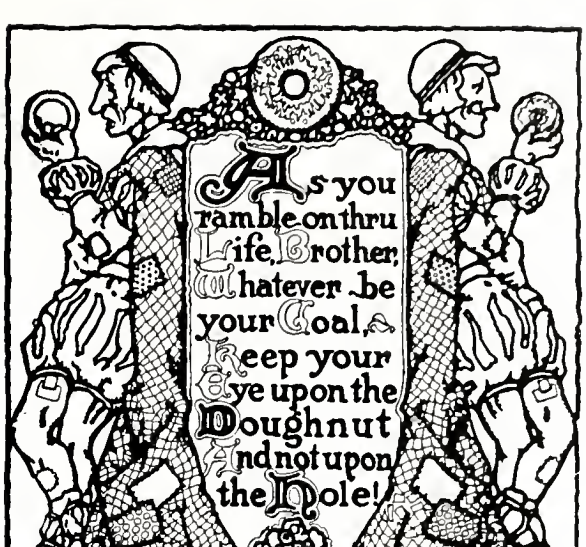

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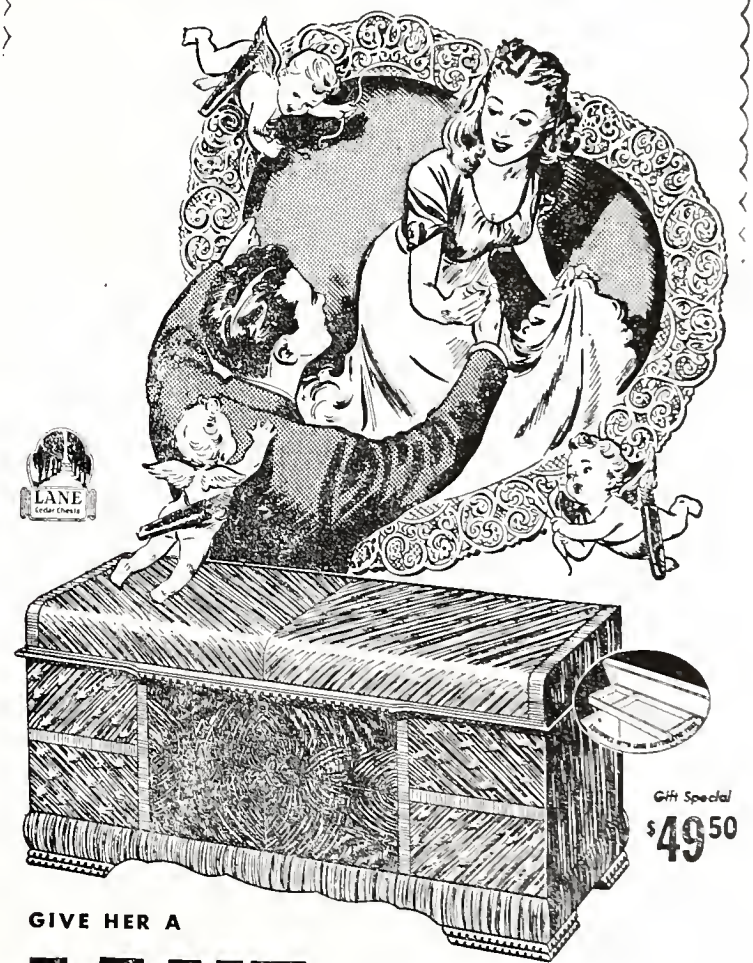

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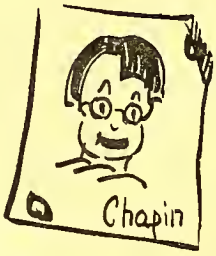
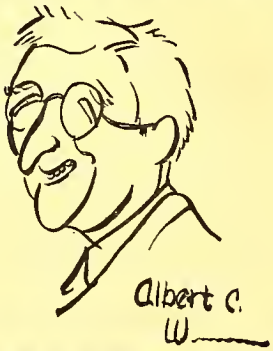
7:30 8:30 9:30

monday

tuesday



wednesday



thursday

10:30

1:30

2:30

3:30

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